

JUN 7 1889
WASHINGTON

THE JOHNSTOWN DISASTER

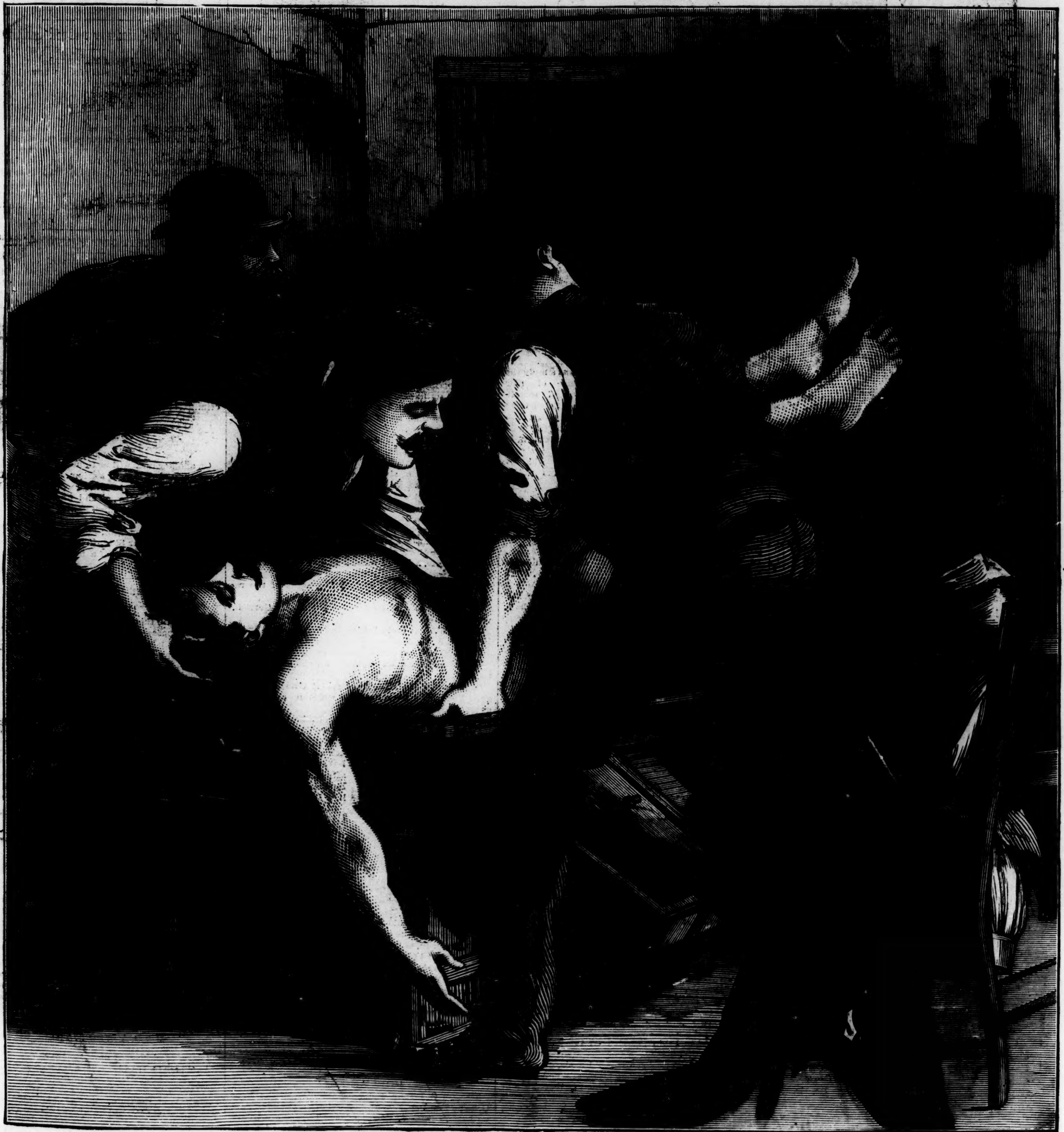
THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE KILRAIN-SULLIVAN SUPPLEMENT THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1889.

VOLUME LIV.—No. 613.
Price Ten Cents.



THEY PUT HIM IN A TRUNK.
HOW THE POLICE STATE THAT DR. CRONIN'S BODY WAS DONE AWAY WITH AFTER THE MURDER.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1889.

KILRAIN'S COLORS.

THE NEW

FIGHTING COLORS of JAKE KILRAIN,

Matched to fight John L. Sullivan for the
"Police Gazette" champion belt and
\$20,000.

ARE NOW READY.

Sporting Men, Saloon-Keepers and others
who desire to purchase these colors can
obtain them by forwarding \$3.50 to this
office. Orders should be sent immediately,
as the supply is limited.

RICHARD K. FOX,
Franklin Square, New York.

THE DISASTER OF THE CENTURY.

The Johnstown disaster, as everybody will admit, is the greatest horror that the present world has known. The Bible tells the story of the Flood, and present and past writers and artists have done what they could in the way of picture painting and delineation regarding that subject. It is a question whether there were or were not thousands upon thousands of people in those days. We have a flood in front of our very doors, as it were. Quiet, unassuming towns were, by the interposition of Providence, swept away in an hour.

"God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform."

This is a subject for thinkers and those who have no thought or power of thought. It is a simmered down idea for believers and unbelievers to paste in their hats for reference that the orphaned, the widowed and the otherwise bereaved, need assistance. A word to the charitable is sufficient.

Reporters and artists of the POLICE GAZETTE are on the ground of the Conemaugh-Johnstown disaster. Time, pains or money has not been taken into consideration to make the next issue of the POLICE GAZETTE superior to its contemporaries in delineating, portraying and depicting real phases and facts regarding the horror as they occurred.

MONEY sent to the POLICE GAZETTE office, Franklin Square, New York, will be quickly forwarded to the proper authorities in Johnstown, Pa. There are, no doubt, many charitably disposed people, and the world is full of them who might aid the stricken community of the Allegheny Valley.

PATRONS of the POLICE GAZETTE throughout the world should take notice that with this issue we publish a double-page supplement, in colors, delineating Jake Kilrain and John L. Sullivan as they will appear in the ring, near New Orleans, on July 8. Newsdealers will present this to purchasers of the POLICE GAZETTE free of charge.

THE CENTENNIAL is over, the Samoan difficulties have been amicably settled and Decoration Day is a thing of the past. The Grand Army boys did themselves proud on the latter occasion, but there were many of our citizens who could not, directly, participate in the last-mentioned event because they were not veterans. The recent changeable weather superinduces the remark that these citizens can have an opportunity of having a little Decoration Day of their own. Those who changed their flannels too soon will supply the cemetery.

Up to the present writing the police, press and public appear to be somewhat at sea as to the personality or whereabouts of the real murderers or conspirators—for conspirators there really were—in the "removal" of Dr. P. H. Cronin, of Chicago. Those who had to do with the fiendish work succeeded in covering up their tracks pretty successfully. There is a legend to the effect however, that "murder will out." Let us see if the adage will be confirmed in this particular instance.

MASKS AND FACES

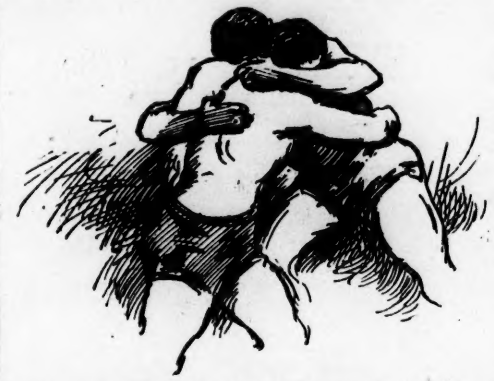
The Benefit Matinee of the
"A. A. A. A."

DANCERS AND SINGERS.

Comedians and Tragedians—An Illustrious Mob—In Box and Stall.

FLOWERS IN THE LOBBY.

The Actors' Amateur Athletic Association of America gave a matinee performance at the Metropolitan Opera House, last week, in aid of the building fund.



It was a big affair; the house was packed; the lobbies were full of girls selling flowers and fellows standing around and buying them.

Our athletic actors got up a splendid programme. Only two individuals disappointed the audience. They were Lillian Russell, who was to have sung, and John L. Sullivan, who was to have wrestled with Wm. Muldoon.

Lillian Russell said she was sick. John L. Sullivan informed the audience that his wrestling tights were in his trunk, and that his trunk hadn't arrived. So he couldn't wrestle.

John L. Sullivan looked stolid when he came out on the stage with Muldoon and bowed, and there wasn't half as much enthusiasm over him as some of his adherents expected.

Sylvia Grey, of the London Gaiety company, had as much honor shown her as any individual on the programme. Her dancing was simply the quintessence of airy lightness and matchless grace. Sylvia Grey more than replaced Russell.

All her flowers were deserved. Tom Keene did the oration over Caesar's dead body. He was noisy, mouthy, beefy.

The best thing about him was the mob. It consisted of such unkempt and unwashed citizens as Wilton Lackaye, Clay Greene, Frank Lane, Ralph Delmore, Burr W. McIntosh, DeWolf Hopper, R. A. Roberts, Digby Bell, Richard Carroll, Thomas Q. Seabrooke, S. Miller Kent, Chas. Plunkett, Edwin Arden, Harry C. Clarke, John E. Kellard, Jno. T. Sullivan, Wm. F. Blande, Chas. S. Dickson, Jesse Jenkins, J. H. Shewell, Geo. Fawcett, William Wilson, Walter Collier, Fred Corbett, Chas. A. Parsloe, Harry G. Vance, Adolf Jackson, H. E. Sandford, W. W. Allen, John Marshall, James S. Maffit, Jr., James T. Powers, Ben Hendricks, Carl A. Haswin, William Ranous, Wm. Humphries, C. W. Matthews, W. G. Smyth, Victor Harmon, George Richards, Jno. E. Henshaw, F. J. Currier, Frank Russell, Frank L. Davis, Howard Kyle.

Charles Dickson, by the way, wasn't in the mob at all. He was sitting quietly in an orchestra chair with a pretty girl by his side.

No S. P. Q. it in his, thank you. Fred Leslie distinguished himself by singing his "Kilaloo" song, and excellently he did it.

Everybody on the boards seemed anxious to have a good time.

One of the first things on the programme was a tug-of-war.

Frazer Coulter, Frank Lane, Wilton Lackaye and John T. Sullivan were matched against DeWolf Hopper, Digby Bell, Tom Seabrooke, Ed Stevens.

Burr McIntosh, who was referee, decided in favor of the former.

Miss Marion Manola sang a song very prettily. Eugene Oudin came out in a uniform and sang a song in his usual well-barbered way.

George L. Fox used to say that clowns are the only true philosophers. They care no more for this round world of ours than they do for a rubber ball.

The six comedians who came out dressed as little tigers—Charley Evans, Billy Hoey, Frank Daniels, Digby Bell, Jimmy Powers and Dick Golden—seemed to enter heartily into the spirit of the thing.

Frank Daniels, I think, carried off the palm for demure comicality.

Harry Dixey and Rosina Vokes did a sketch. It was called "Venus and Adonis," and transpired on a snowy day in Central Park. They did some fine dancing and indulged in some idiotic dialogue.

And Lewis Morrison rather bored the audience with a chestnutty declamation and then took an encore.

Nellie Farren, loaded with diamonds, indulged in a duet and a dance with Letty Lind and was wildly encored.

Farren has lost considerable of her hoarseness since

she's been away from foggy London, and Letty Lind has lost none of her witching art.

But "Antony and Cleopatra," a burlesque by Clay Greene, was a disappointment.

Lackaye was well enough as Antony, but DeWolf Hopper could have made more of Cleopatra by playing it straight.

Imagine Antony falling into the soup and Cleopatra smoking a clay pipe.

Antony dresses himself in a baseball umpire's outfit, and Cleopatra rushes around with a big lobster attached to her girdle.

George Fawcett was excellent as Enobarbus, playing him seriously. Richard Golden made the most of the Messenger, coming out slowly on the stage dragging a little express wagon.

H. D. Blakemore was a caricature of Nick Engel. Elma Dolaro was a plump and well-fed Charmian.

The success of the "Antony and Cleopatra" burlesque, however, was the ballet.

After Sylvia Grey had finished her terpsichorean tidbits, Jeff d'Angella, Eugene Canfield, Jimmy Powers, as premiers, and Charles Evans, Wm. Hoey, Dick Carroll, Eugene O'Rourke, George Richards, R. A. Roberts, John Henshaw and Lindsay Morrison, as coryphees, appeared in all styles of undress and convulsed the audience.

Jimmy Powers here made the individual hit.

He was gotten up as Naddy, and at one time I thought I saw Fanny Rice.

His legs and his grimaces captured everybody, and his somewhat somersault was superb.

The audience was a brilliant and demonstrative one. It applauded any and every thing.

All classes were represented. But Francis Wilson and company didn't show up.

Gillig, of San Francisco, was there with Mrs. Porter Asche.

Fred Hallen appeared with Mollie Fuller. Maude Howe, Johnstone Bennett, Daisy Temple, Xesia Carlstadt, Florence Bulkley, Josie Calvert, Elsie Lombard, Helene Brooks, Adeline Stanhope, Edith Bird, Evelyn Friend, Ray Douglas were there.

Cottrelly was in a box and looked on through a quizzing glass.

Odette Tyler was a bit of blonde prettiness. Carrie Burton, the supposed fascinating danseuse, was there.

I'm sorry Josephine Knapp is getting fat. Louise Balfie keeps her looks better than some of the youngsters.

Lillian Chantore has a good face, and "Shanty" has brains.

Georgia Cayvan, simple in black, had a quiet, leading-lady-like air. Mabelle Stuart was in the orchestra, smiling.

Grace Filkins, in black, with auburn hair, gazed at things with big, brown eyes.

Evelyn Campbell, Gertie Hart, Evelyn Granville, Mabel Morris, Clara Thropp were perched somewhere in the big auditorium, opera glass in hand.

Coro Tinnie, a lot of daisies at her belt, flirted to right and left.

In the lobby you ran against fragments of the reception committee.

Paul Arthur steered the transient to Lydia Gerrish, who sold flowers.

George W. June looked shiny and oleaginous. Charles W. Thomas was alert and active.

Frank McKee was courteous and on the lookout. Frank Carlyle had an important air and an imported tie.

Ben Stevens, John Ritchie, Herbert Gresham, Clarence Flemming were there to welcome the coming guest.

Secretary Maguire was decked in his best smile. Aunt Louisa, in the lobby, with kindly face and the famous hoarse voice, led the flower-selling dames.

Isabella Urquhart sold a great many boutonnières, but the pleasure of her afternoon was spoiled by the absence of Pauline Hall.

Grace Henderson, Carrie Turner, Lella Vane, Helen Standish and Beverly Sitgreaves were billed as flower vendors.

Buttonhole bouquets sold for as much as five dollars apiece.

When Bernhardt sold flowers at the fair in Paris for the benefit of the flood sufferers at Madrid, some years ago, she sold buttonhole bouquets, with a kiss thrown in, at twenty francs.

As the crowd filed out the women voted that the best thing in the show had been the legs of Jimmy Powers, while the men wavered in their preference between the lace petticoat and the terra cotta colored hosiery of Sylvia Grey.

There is no use disputing tastes, but the matinee was a success. They raked in over four thousand rhinos.

ROSEN.

NEW ORLEANS' FIRE CHIEF.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Thomas O'Connor, the present Chief of the New Orleans Fire Department, was born in the city named on June 29, 1839. At the age of 15 he became a member of Hose Co. No. 19, which was composed of young men, and ran independent of the regular engine companies.

He became a member of Columbia No. 5 in August, 1858, and has served in all the stations of that

company, and has also served several terms as delegate to the Firemen's Charitable Association. Mr. O'Connor has for the past twenty years been chief of that department, and his long term of office is the very best possible testimony of his efficiency in this capacity. He has made several tours of observation to the principal cities of the United States, acquainting himself with the various apparatuses and means of extinguishing fires, and as a result his department is now thoroughly equipped with all the latest improved apparatus. In the discharge of his duty at fires he is always cool and collected, never becoming excited, and is always on the lookout for the safety of his men. As a practical fireman commanding a large corps, he has no superiors and few equals.

HE LOVED THE WEALTHY WIDOW.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

The aristocratic church circles of Baltimore are all broke up over the suicide of Rev. H. Greenfield Schorr, the brilliant young assistant rector of the St. Paul P. E. Church. Schorr had become infatuated with a lady named Mrs. M. M. Smith, who refused to entertain his proposal of marriage. He proposed to the lady again recently, and when again refused he became angry, and declared he would blow out his brains. He then left and went to his father's house, and when asked why he was so depressed he said he had lost a lot of money by a man committing suicide. The next morning the matron of the St. Paul's parish house, where Schorr was stopping, was alarmed by hearing the report of a pistol in Schorr's room. Calling Dr. Hodges, the rector of the church, they went into the room and found Schorr lying dead on the floor with a bullet in his head which had been sent there by his own hand. Since his death it has been ascertained that Schorr led a double life, and was engaged to be married to one woman and courted three others.

NEW ORLEANS' POLICE CHIEF.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Chief Hennessey, the son of a detective, began life in the police station as messenger boy, and soon rose to the rank of detective of the New Orleans police force. He served under Col. Boylan on the regular force until a few years ago, when he accepted a position with his old chief in Farrell and Boylan's agency. He is one of the best known detectives in the South. He has been engaged around the several banks and was instrumental in capturing several notorious crooks. He was appointed chief of police May 2, 1888, and his management of the force has been commendable. His excellent judgment and keen perception, together with his knowledge of men and things, places him foremost among the police officers of the country.

A CRESCENT CITY POLICE OFFICER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Capt. John Journeaux has been connected with the police force of New Orleans since 1878, having been appointed Court Officer at that time. He was promoted to sergeant in 1880 and to captain in 1884, which position he has since filled in a creditable manner. The Third precinct is quite extensive, there being a number of sporting establishments situated on the principal street of the precinct, Royal street. Capt. Journeaux is a young man, only thirty-five years of age, and a native of New Orleans. He is regarded by his superior officers as a shrewd and most efficient official, and has a large number of very important captures of noted criminals to his credit.

JOHN J. QUINN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

On another page will be found the portrait of one of the handsomest men in Harlem. There are few men in this city who are better known in political circles than Mr. Quinn. Genial and unassuming, he makes friends wherever he goes, and is a brilliant light in Tammany circles. Mr. Quinn is the proprietor of one of the largest boarding stables in the city, located at 124th street, near Seventh avenue. He can always be found on the road, of a fine afternoon, and takes nobody's dust with his team of spanking flyers.

WHERE IS BETTA CLAYTON?

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

We publish this week a portrait of Miss Retta Clayton, a prepossessing young lady of Bloomfield, Iowa. Miss Clayton had been giving music lessons in Harlem, Iowa, and about two weeks ago she started for Council Bluffs for the purpose of renting a piano. She has not been seen since, and fears are entertained that she has met with foul play.

FASCINATING AMY ROCHE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Miss Amy Roche, whose portrait we present elsewhere, is one of the beauties of the Gaiety Company who has been causing palpitation of the heart among the young men of the big cities. Fascinating, graceful, and bursting with voluptuousness, the little lady gains friends and admirers wherever she goes.

A MESSAGE IN BLOOD.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Frank Compton, of West Pittston, Pa., killed his wife and then cut his own throat while in a fit of jealous rage recently. After having committed this terrible crime, he walked to the wall and wrote a message in blood with his finger, which contained the one word, "Jealousy."

THE GRAVE CAVED IN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

At the funeral of Samuel Laws, the Bridgeton, N. J., suicide, on Friday of last week, fully 2,000 people gathered about the grave. Finally the bank caved in, and several boys were thrown into the grave, one of whom was almost crushed to death.

HELD A WHOLE TRAIN UP.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A solitary footpad boarded a train on the Milwaukee and Northwestern Railroad near Ellis Junction, Wis., recently, quietly went from car to car and held up everybody on the train. He did it with his little pop, and he entirely cleaned out the whole crowd.

KILRAIN'S COLORS—The new "Colors" of Jake Kilrain are now ready. Sporting men, saloonkeepers and others can obtain them by forwarding \$3.50 to this office. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

HORROR!

The Johnstown Disaster,
Which Eclipsed
History.

A DEATH-DEALING DAM.

Hundreds upon Hundreds
of People Swept Away
by the Flood.

HEARTRENDING SCENES.

The Allegheny Valley
Devastated By a
Cruel Torrent.

TOWNS DESOLATED AND LAID BARE.

One Hundred and Fifty
Corpses Found Dead
in One "Pocket"
in a Gulch.

AID NEEDED IMMEDIATELY.

The "Police Gazette" Will Officially
as Temporary Treasurer
for Subscriptions.

AN OPPORTUNITY FOR PHILANTHROPISTS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATIONS.]

There is not one chance in a million that the Conemaugh river would ever have been heard of in history had it not been for its action on Friday evening May 31.

The Conemaugh river is, or rather was, a simple lit-



MIDST FIRE AND FLOOD.

The stream that meandered through Northwestern Pennsylvania and made glad by its peaceful murmurings those who dwelt by its banks, or bore tokens of affection in the way of pleasure-seeking picnickers, moonlight parties or across-stream excursionists upon its placid bosom. It was one of those inoffensive creeks, termed by courtesy a river, that the Hudson river of the East, the Mississippi of the Middle or the Red river of the West might call a stripling.

There are times when even the still, small voice arises in its might and asserts its supremacy, and the wee small river of Conemaugh did that self-same thing on Friday evening, May 31. All along the banks of the listless, yet ever flowing, little alleged river farmers were preparing for their anticipated harvests; the fishermen of the section—amateur fishermen, indeed, for they were only equal to the fish—small and incomplete as was the Conemaugh, such as you and I, reader, who took pleasure in flinging their worm-crowded hooks into the stomach of a log and then going home for more bait; bonny fairies, brisk young tillers of the soil, toilers, and seeming tired miners, these and all other human concomitants that go to make up such a quiet, thriving balliwick dwelt in the locality.

And so went on the listless life of the denizens of the Conemaugh Valley, nestling at the foot of the Allegheny range.

Snuggled in the cosiest nook, right where no prying reporter or trout-fishing president ever bent his way was Johnstown. The word "was" is used advisedly.

Johnstown is no more. At four o'clock on the fateful day all was serene. At six o'clock all was desolation and destruction.

The "big dam" had broken and the little brooklet had burst its sides for very glee at being dubbed a creek, and was making itself known in history. The Brooklyn Theatre holocaust, with its dead three hundred, paled into insignificance. The Mud Run and Reading disasters had to take a back seat.

"Let me alone for horror," murmured the Conemaugh, "and I'll get there!" It did get there.

Right above Johnstown on the self same Conemaugh, or rather where the North Fork glides into that erstwhile inoffensive stream, was a reservoir.



THE OLD JOHNSTOWN.

The reservoir is on the site of the old lake, which was one of the feeders of the Pennsylvania Canal. It is the property of a number of wealthy gentlemen in Pittsburgh, who formed themselves into the corporation, the title of which is the South Fork Fishing and Hunting Club. This sheet of water was formerly known as Conemaugh Lake. It is from two hundred to three hundred feet above the level of Johnstown, being in the mountains. It is about three and one-half miles long and from a mile to one and one-fourth miles in width, and in some places it is 100 feet in depth. It holds more water than any other reservoir, natural or artificial, in the United States. The lake has been quadrupled in size by artificial means, and was held in check by a dam from 700 to 1,000 feet wide. It was 90 feet in thickness at the base, and the height was 110 feet. The top has a breadth of over twenty feet.

From what could be ascertained by the writer, the reservoir banks had not been considered absolutely safe by the people of the big and growing town. The reservoir was an artificial rather than a natural lake. The art came in when the South Fork Club, a corporation of gentlemen, took charge of the reservoir and dammed it. The South Fork Club had the dam inspected once a month by the Pennsylvania Railroad engineers, and their investigation showed that nothing less than some convulsion of nature would tear the barrier away and loosen the weapon of death. The steady rains of the past forty-eight hours had increased the volume of water in all the small mountain streams, which had already been swelled by the lesser rains earlier in the week. At this time it is evident that something in the nature of a cloudburst must have occurred just before the water broke through the embankment.

Then the water came. It came with a rush that astonished the natives. There was a low murmuring at first, and then a rushing, hissing noise; then crevices appeared in the dam side. Then the embankment gave way, and onward rushed the torrent. It meant death and destruction to the fairest country on God's footstool. Johnstown became a City of the Dead, and the once pleasant valley was the Valley of Death.

Only those who were on the spot at the time can or could tell of the horrible scenes that ensued, and even they could not depict them in their real colors. It would take the pen of a mightier than human hand to indite the story, and a brush of a heaven-inspired artist to delineate the action. All was desolation, death and destruction.

Men, women and children, animals, houses, furniture, were swept on the hell-bent waters!



A SECTION OF JOHNSTOWN NOW.

The daily papers tell the tale. The POLICE GAZETTE and its staff of artists and reporters who are already on the ground will depict the story, the scenes, the incidents, the horrors, in all its heartrending. No expense has been spared to tell the story, as far as may be, on wood and in type.

All through Cambria came the flood. Then on to Cooperdale. Frantic mothers, with children born and unborn, were compelled to flee, and then had to succumb to the deluge. The cruel, on-rushing tide had nothing in its instincts humanitarian. The death-tide

rolled onward and suckling babes were swept from their mother's breasts even as if the King of Old had proclaimed.

So on to St. Florence in Fairfield—well-named. The people at Ninevah and the quiet, easy-going folk of the cruel-river towns counted their losses by hundreds.

"Ten thousand dead," was the announcement that came over the wires.

The effect can never be told. Centuries may come and go, but no century can make its mark in the history of time like that of the Nineteenth, with its side, the Conemaugh.

Hundreds upon hundreds of lives were lost. The number cannot even be approximated, for in such regions there are always innumerable people—what

the careless world calls its floating population—who would not be missed or accounted for until the Judgment Roll is called.

Even on Monday, three days after the horror, mothers wandered about frantically begging that their children might be returned to them, and men with hearts brushed tears from their eyes and endeavored



A STEAM HORSE WRECKED.

to make them believe that their dear ones had been rescued. Children pleadingly prayed that they might be saved, but the cruel, ever onward-rushing flood gathered them in and swept them onward.

To add to the horror the Johnstown Bridge, as if to add terror to terror and to make confusion worst confounded, swept from its approaches and precipitated the horror-stricken multitude into the torrent. An overturned stove in a dwelling inaugurated a conflagration. Nearly a hundred people were literally burned to death, thus adding holocaust to the far more preferable fate of death by drowning.

Scarcely had the news of the terrible disaster been sent abroad than the alert newspapers had their commissioners speedily on their way to the scene.

Only the most meagre accounts had been given to the public for the reason that every mode of communication via telegraph or train had been cut off.

When the POLICE GAZETTE representatives reached Johnstown the scene was a pitiable one. The former town was a swamp. Debris was piled here, there and everywhere, and the pestilential stench from the dead bodies was next to unbearable.

The scene beggars description. Even the trained newspaper men turned their eyes aside and held their nostrils. Corpses everywhere.

nearly entirely swept away. Mineral Point, between Johnstown and the viaduct, was blotted out of existence. If any of the six hundred souls that formerly resided there are alive the POLICE GAZETTE reporters



"WHERE'S MAMA?"

could not find them. Ninevah, just below the Conemaugh furnace, is a city of corpses. Indeed, from South Fork to Bolivar and for a distance of a dozen miles or so the banks of the old-time river are literally strewn with corpses.

After the death-dealing current had gone on the work of tallying began. As the POLICE GAZETTE goes to press this is still in progress. It will never be ended.

Then fiends in human form began their ghouliah work of robbing the dead. Summary punishment was dealt out to some of them. A vigilance committee, hastily organized, ran a score of them into the river, and that was the end of them.

At five o'clock on Monday evening hundreds upon hundreds of citizens are arriving on the scene. Coffins are coming in by the carload, and the result of philanthropic and necessary aid began to pour in.

More relief is needed.

The best story of the horror can be gathered from the tale of an eye-witness, C. W. Linthicum. Said he: "My train left Pittsburgh Friday morning for Johnstown. The train was due at Sang Hollow at 4:02, but was five minutes late.

"At Sang Hollow, just as we were about to pull out, we heard that the flood was coming. Looking ahead up the valley we saw an immense wall of water thirty feet high raging, roaring, rushing toward us.

"The engineer reversed his engine and rushed back to the hills at full speed, and we barely escaped the waters. We ran back three hundred yards and the flood swept by, tearing up track, telegraph poles, houses and trees.

"Superintendent Pitcairn was on the train. We all got out and tried to save the floating people. Taking the bell cord, we formed a line and threw the rope out, thus saving seven persons.

"We could have saved more, but many were afraid to let go the debris. It was an awful sight. The immense volume of water was roaring along, whirling over huge rocks, dashing against the banks and leaping high in the air and this seething flood was strewn with timber, trunks of trees, parts of houses, and hundreds of human beings, cattle and almost every animal.

"The fearful peril of the living was not more awful than the horror of hundreds of distorted, bleeding corpses whirling along the avalanche of death.

"We counted 107 people floating by and dead without



DOWN WITH THE TIDE.

number. A section of roof came by, on one of which were sitting a woman and a girl."

Other tales by eye-witnesses confirm the fact that the horror has never been excelled by anything of its kind in history.

In the next issue of the POLICE GAZETTE will be published late details, portrayed by reporters and artists now on the spot.

QUEVEDO.

A YOUNG LADY DROWNED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A young lady student in Drake's University, Des Moines, named Miss Belle Bennett, started to row to a picnic on the bank of the Des Moines river in company with Mr. L. W. Logan, Mr. W. K. Hunt of Lincoln, Neb., and Miss Ola Fairly. When they had rowed half way across the ladies declared they would tow the rest of the way themselves. In changing seats with the gentlemen the boat was upset, throwing the entire party into the water. All were saved except Miss Bennett, who sank before she could be rescued.

Wm. C. Yorke, the well-known sporting man, has opened the Mye House, 2248 Third avenue, near 123d street, and will try to make it a famous sporting resort.

The glove encounter at Troy, N. Y., on May 28 between Kelly, the Harlem Spider, and Harry Walton, of Philadelphia, was the first of a series of battles under the management of the Troy Cribb Club. It was a well fought fight, Kelly showing to excellent advantage. Walton threw up the sponge at the close of the seventeenth round, claiming he had agreed to fight only fifteen rounds. The first four rounds were quite tame. In the fifth round Kelly put Walton's right eye in mourning and split his lip. Kelly pounded Walton mercilessly in the eleventh, so that when time was called the Philadelphian was groggy, although he got in a number of severe blows on Kelly, cutting his ear and blacking his eye.

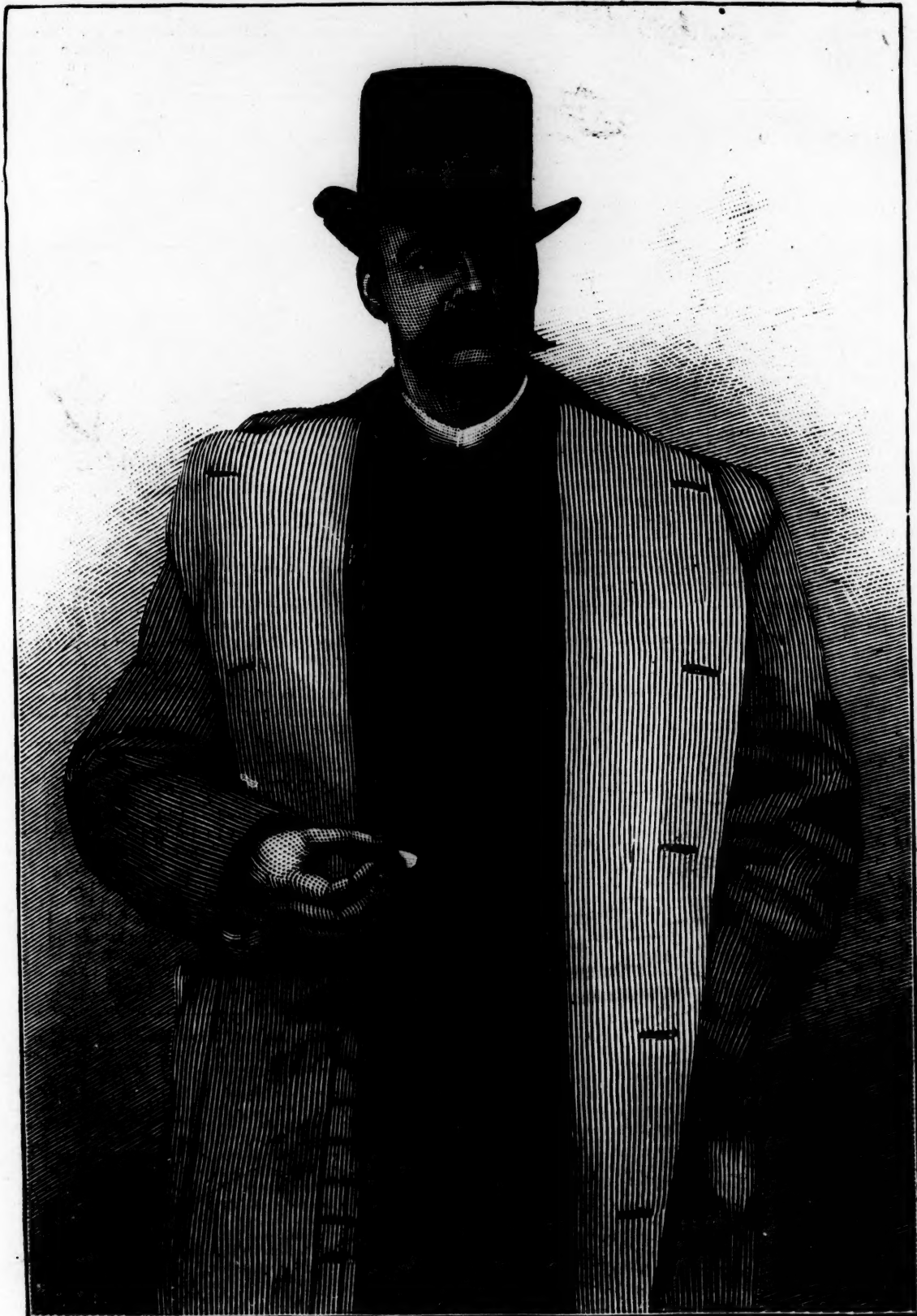
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FASCINATING AMY ROCHE,
THE GRACEFUL AND PRETTY FOOTLIGHT FAVORITE OF THE GAIETY COMPANY, WHO IS
GAINING FRIENDS WHEREVER SHE GOES.



NEW ORLEANS' POLICE CHIEF.
DAVID C. HENNESSEY, WHO ROSE FROM THE POSITION OF MESSENGER
BOY TO THE LEADING PLACE AMONG POLICE OFFICIALS.



JOHN J. QUINN,
THE PROMINENT LOVER OF HORSE-FLESH AND WELL-KNOWN BOARDING STABLE PRO-
PRIETOR OF HARLEM, NEW YORK CITY.



NEW ORLEANS' FIRE CHIEF.
THOMAS O'CONNOR, AT PRESENT AT THE HEAD OF ONE OF THE BEST
FIRE DEPARTMENTS IN THE UNIVERSE.

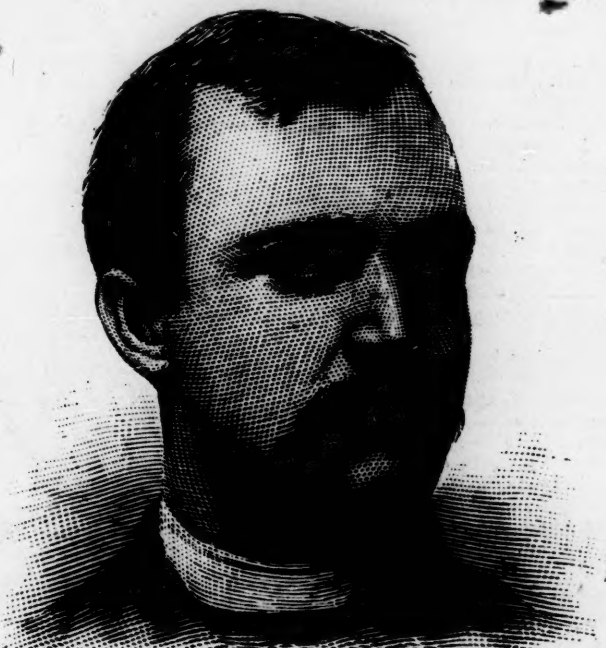


A CRESCENT CITY POLICE OFFICER.
CAPT. JOHN JOURNEE, OF THE NEW ORLEANS FORCE, WHO IS ONE OF
THE BRAVEST AND BEST OFFICIALS IN THAT TOWN.



WHERE IS RETTA CLAYTON?

A PREPOSSESSING BLOOMFIELD, IOWA, GIRL STARTS FOR COUNCIL BLUFFS AND IS NOT AGAIN HEARD OF.



HE LOVED THE WEALTHY WIDOW.

REV. H. GREENFIELD SCHORR, OF BALTIMORE, MD., WHO BLEW HIS BRAINS OUT BECAUSE OF UNREQUITED AFFECTIONS.



SHE CAST HIS LOVE ASIDE.

WEALTHY WIDOW MARGARET SMITH, WHO REFUSED TO MARRY REV. H. GREENFIELD SCHORR, OF BALTIMORE, MD.



THE GRAVE CAVED IN.

THE BURIAL OF SAMUEL LAWS, THE BRIDGETON, N. J., SUICIDE, ALMOST TERMINATES IN OTHER FATALITIES.



HELD A WHOLE TRAIN UP.

A SOLITARY FOOTPAD CLEANS OUT EVERYBODY ON THE TRAIN NEAR ELLIS JUNCTION, WISCONSIN, AND SCOOPS A POCKETFUL OF STAMPS.



HER BUSTLE WAS ABLAZE.

A YOUNG LADY OF ORANGE, N. J., CATCHES FIRE, WHICH IS PUT OUT BY GEORGE ADAMSON OF THE SAME PLACE.

THE CHAMPION HERE

Jake Kilrain Has Come
Back to Meet
Sullivan.

EAGER FOR THE FISTIC FRAY.

Crowds of Admirers Meet Him
on the Dock and Cheer
Him to the Echo.

THE RIDE TO THE GAZETTE.

The Champion at once Leaves
for His Home to Attend
His Mother's Funeral.

TEARS AT HEARING THE NEWS.

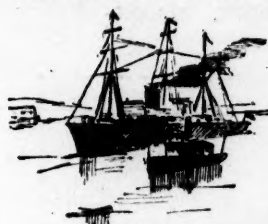
He Will Immediately Go into
Training near His Home
in Baltimore.

OPINIONS OF PRESS AND PUBLIC.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

The announcement that Kilrain, the champion pugilist, would return on the White Star steamer Adriatic to go into training for his battle with John L. Sullivan for \$20,000, the "Police Gazette" champion belt and the championship of the world, attracted a tremendous crowd to the White Star line docks on West street. Among the crowd could be seen sporting men from Boston, Baltimore (Kilrain's home), Buffalo and this city. After it was announced that the Adriatic had passed quarantine, and his immediate friends had made that fact known, the foot of Christopher street was packed with anxious humanity, who waited patiently until the steamer would reach its moorings.

On the White Star dock could be seen such well-known sporting men as Frank Stevenson, John Courtney, of Brooklyn; John L. Stroub, Patrick J. Sharkey,



PASSING FORT HAMILTON.

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APPROACHING THE BATTERY.

Prof. Mike Donovan, Billy Reed, Johnny Reagan's backer; Police Justice Frank J. Carroll, Peter Mitchell, Joe Roche, of Baltimore; John Lee Clark, of Baltimore; Charley Carroll, John Rooney, of the same city; James Moore, of New Bedford; Johnny Reagan and hundreds of others equally as well known in sporting, social, political and theatrical circles.

As the ocean greyhound rounded for the dock on Saturday morning, June 1, the Herculean form of the gladiator who was to battle for the largest sum ever fought for in the annals of the prize ring could be seen accompanied by Charles Mitchell, who is to train and second Kilrain in his battle with Sullivan. No sooner did Frank Stevenson and John L. Stroub spy Kilrain than the crowd cheered and hurried, and they kept it up until the big steamer turned into the dock.



ADMIRING THE CHAMPION.

No sooner had the steamer rounded than the crowd again gave the champion three cheers and a

tiger, and after the gang plank had been hoisted the crowd boarded the steamer, and in a few minutes the champion was face to face with his friends. He was at once driven to the POLICE GAZETTE office, where he was given a reception.

Kilrain appeared to be in the best of health. He was not as big as when he left on March 12, last year, and it was plain to be seen that he had been training while he was in England. He said that he would be ready to fight Sullivan within three weeks, if necessary. After he had been given a hearty welcome he left for Baltimore to attend the funeral of his mother, which took place in the afternoon. Mitchell also appeared to have thrived by his trip.

The arrival of Jake Kilrain has had the effect of renewing interest in the big fight, and from now until July 8 the coming battle will be the principal topic of conversation among sporting men throughout the country. The large amount to be fought for, the popularity of the gladiators, the worth of the "Police Gazette" champion belt which goes to the winner, and the money which will be wagered on the match, makes the subject under consideration more than of passing value in sporting circles.

No two men were ever more equally matched than have been Jake Kilrain and John L. Sullivan. Both



KILRAIN ON THE ADRIATIC'S DECK.

are giants in stature and in fighting proclivities, and the anticipated fight promises to "down the record," as sporting men put it.

Last week the POLICE GAZETTE took occasion to publish a story and portray a picture regarding John L. Sullivan. This week we say a word about and delineate the progress of the other gladiator.

It is most undoubtedly true that Jake Kilrain, in the early part of his life, was fond of gymnastic science, and in the heyday of youth made his debut in the magic circle, until he soon acquired the reputation of not only a scientific boxer but a pugilist.

In the pugilistic hemisphere Kilrain has long been



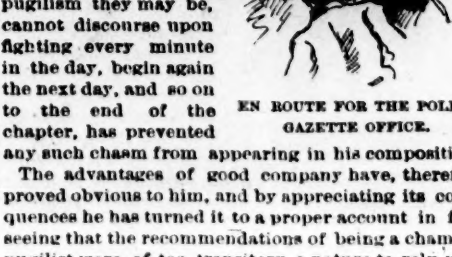
ON THE PIER.

viewed as a fixed star, and the other bodies may be compared to so many satellites revolving round the greater orb, deriving their principal vigor and influence from his dominion. To Nature Kilrain is indebted for an uncommonly fine physique. His symmetry of form is attractive in the extreme, and he is considered one of the best made men now following the fortunes of the prize ring, standing 5 feet 11½ inches in height and weighing about 200 pounds, with limbs elegantly proportioned and an arm artistic for athletic beauty and muscular development that defies competition. Such an exterior cannot but prove prepossessing, and such an exterior has had its weight in that peculiar respect.

It appears that Kilrain has lived all his life, and to use the expression of the poet, he has "caught the manners living as they rise." He is undoubtedly one of the best made men in the world.

Kilrain possesses a mind that penetrates further than the surface, and being well assured, from his intercourse with polished society, that gentlemen, however fond of pugilism they may be, cannot discourse upon fighting every minute in the day, begin again the next day, and so on to the end of the chapter, has prevented any such chasm from appearing in his composition.

The advantages of good company have, therefore, proved obvious to him, and by appreciating its consequences he has turned it to a proper account in foreseeing that the recommendations of being a champion pugilist were of too transitory a nature to rely upon



EN ROUTE FOR THE POLICE GAZETTE OFFICE.

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those qualifications alone; and although the term "throughbred" may have had its importance in the ring (and so essentially necessary in matters of a sporting description), yet there are two more little words



AT THE POLICE GAZETTE OFFICE.

requisite to render the term complete, and pass him current, through the world—"good breeding." Kilrain has been far from an inattentive observer of the above requisites, and he has acquired considerable proficiency in his manners and address. He has let no opportunity slip since he has become a fixed star in the pugilistic firmament whereby he might obtain knowledge and improvement. He was born in Greenport, Columbia county, N. Y., February, 1859, and his mother was a native of Erin's Isle, having been born in Athlone, while his father, who is of Irish descent, was born in Roxbury, a quiet little town in puritanical New England. In himself the American champion has proved "all is not barren," and that, however terrific and formidable the pugilist may appear in combat, yet the same individual may be tempered with those sensibilities which make mankind valuable and interesting.

Kilrain, as a pugilist, is considered by prize ring

jurists a perfect phenomenon in the gymnastic art. There is nothing about Kilrain's person that indicates superior bodily strength; yet, when stripped, his form is muscular and elegant in every sense of the term. The science that he is master of is exclusively his own—and when he met England's champion, the latter was not aware of the singular advantages that it gave him over Smith, who fought upon the accustomed principles of pugilism. It was completely intuitive. Practice had rendered its effects powerful, and in confusing the English champion he gained considerable time to improve this native advantage with promptitude and decision. The quickness of Kilrain's hits was unparalleled. They were severely felt, but scarcely seen. Most heroes of the fistic art are too apt to forget the numerous knock-down blows and dreadful bruises which they have received in climbing up to the daring height of championship, and that one fatal blow can hurl them from the high precipice—level them with the ground—and wrest that hard-earned title from their brows.

Pugilists should bear in mind that in ascending the pugilistic championship throne they appear as a public mark to hit at, and that who ever throws down the glove they must pick it up; and, if they mean to continue in the elevated seat, wear it. However desperate and checkered the road may be to procure that title—the difficulty rests in keeping it. The smiles of victory have often introduced the champion, blinded and ruined many by plunging them into excesses and gaiety, instead of being alive to their future fame.

Many people do not believe that Kilrain is the great

pugilist many of his admirers claim him to be, which fact appears strange, for Kilrain has proved that he is one of the greatest pugilists in a general way that ever stood in a ring.

After Kilrain's only battle fought according to London prize ring rules, the Nottingham (England) Express published the following:

"All were impressed with the American champion's cool and calculated mode of fighting. His wrestling was simply wonderful. His back heeling and clinching were especially good and surprised the best judges."

The Sporting Chronicle, a capital judge and most excellent authority, published after Kilrain's battle with Smith: "Kilrain is one of the hardest hitters and as great a general that ever appeared in the prize ring. He displayed high championship form."

Fred Gallagher, of the

Dublin Sport, in reference to Kilrain's only performance according to London rules, published the following:

"Kilrain kept his head from start to finish. He is a clever, and with the raw uns a fine natural hitter. There is no mistaking his fighting abilities. A quieter, cooler and more dogged and determined fighter never lived."

Hundreds of other such opinions could be quoted in reference to Kilrain's fistic abilities.

Robert Watson, Sporting Life, said: "It appears strange that after the form Kilrain displayed when he fought Jem Smith, the champion, many American sporting men believe he is not the pugilist his admirers claim. Kilrain proved that he was a clever, cool, clear-headed pugilist, possessing all the necessary qualifications so essential to make a champion, while his wrestling abilities, his judgment and prize ring tactics were faultless."

Jack Percival—"I shall bet a monkey on Kilrain. The way he fought Jem Smith is line enough for me to know that Sullivan has not a chance."

Jack Harper—"Kilrain will prove a hot one for Sullivan, and the latter will find no Charley Mitchell in front of him."

Frank White, of Lincoln, has backed Kilrain. He says: "The form the American displayed when he faced Jem Smith is enough to convince first-class



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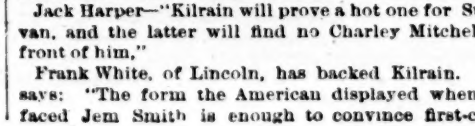
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judges that Kilrain will have no trouble in winning. Kilrain is a wonder, and, judging by his rival's Sullivan's, want of form when he fought Mitchell four months later, Kilrain should defeat America's pugilistic idol as easily as Jem Mace defeated Sam Hurst, the Stalybridge Infant. At the Smith and Kilrain fight all present were impressed with the American champion's cool and well calculated mode of fighting. His wrestling, which is one of the most important branches of the fight when London prize ring rules govern, was simply wonderful. His back-heeling and clinching were especially good, and surprised the best judges."

Prof. Donnelly, of London, England—"Kilrain is a master of the science, and possesses stamina and courage of the first quality."

Prof. Batt Mullins—"Jake Kilrain's guard is formidable and commanding. With his left arm firm and extended, to protect his body from assault while his right is on the alert to give and return instantaneously, he has no equal."

Prof. Ball—"Kilrain, the American champion, is a very hard hitter, can use his hands with equal facility, stands well upon his legs and meets his man with fortitude."

Captain Drummond—"Kilrain is a wonderful pugilist—the best since Jem Mace's time. His positions are elegant, and calculated to do tremendous execution in delivering blows."

Tony Sage, of the Albert Club, of Dublin, Ireland—"Kilrain is a champion, who, for soundness of bottom, excellence of science and indomitable courage, will live long without an equal in his line."

Lord Mayo's opinion of Kilrain—"The American champion has conducted himself with such good spirit as to merit the appellation of a champion pugilist, and he stands, in my opinion, on a very lofty eminence above Sullivan."

Ben Hyams—"Kilrain will defeat Sullivan easier than Arthur Bobbitt beat Alec Burns."

When we look at the big stakes (\$20,000) Jake Kilrain

and John L. Sullivan are to battle for, it must be perfectly obvious that boxers are far better situated than in the days when prize fighting was more favorably entertained. Into the respective merits of the past and present generations we have no wish to enter. Suffice it to state that latter-day boxers have been born under a lucky star, and in many instances may be said to exist in a fool's paradise, the wise men being the individuals who come under the denomination of principals and the people who superintend their professional movements. However, if the men who pay the piper are satisfied with the music, it is no one's province to complain.

The Spirit of the Nation, New Orleans, La., says: "Jake Kilrain's enemies may shout his faults, broadcast throughout the land, but it is a fact nevertheless that John L. Sullivan has consigned himself to a country villa where he will during his stay there be the pupil of Muldoon, the wrestler. That John does not underestimate Jake's powers as a knuckled knight, under the London ring rules, is loudly voiced by Sullivan's action in going to learn that exercise, which he will certainly need to be proficient in while battling with Kilrain."

"Jake has not the fire and dash in him at long range scrapping that has made Sully famous all over the world, but he is a wicked and powerful wrestler, and it will take a good one to teach him that he is not such a champion as he thinks he is. Jake gave Jem Smith many a hard fall, but the ground he threw him on was soft and so it didn't matter much, as it didn't hurt, but on next July 8th, it may be that the ground on which John and Jake make good their many boasts, will be as hard as nails and the under dog will have to grunt when thrown. Although John has assiduously taken to training, it must not be inferred that his chances of winning have decreased, quite on the contrary, I assure you, it only shows that John intends to win and win in a canter, for he says he'll hit himself so that no man can compare with him, and thus prove beyond the pale of doubt that he alone is the rightful claimant to the premiership in American pugilism."

"Jake is said to be in pretty good form already. It is to be surmised, however, that his enemies have left no stone unturned to decrease his popularity. (If such a thing is possible with the sporting men of this country.)

"Let us hope and trust that both men will get in good form, and that each man will have plenty of friends and will be made to feel that right here in our darling Crescent City any man and his friends will feel perfectly contented in the belief that the spirit of a friendly hand to all and no favor to either exists to a tremendous extent."

"There are enough of us in New Orleans to divide up among the two greatest prize fighters on this continent, and let each man have his full ratio of friends. As for myself, I am still with Sully, but that is no reason why Jake should not be well treated, and I'll use my humble endeavors to see that he is."

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AT THE DEPOT.

THE CRONIN MYSTERY.

The Police Steadily Working on the Chicago Murder Case.

LATEST ARRESTS MADE.

Obstacles Being Constantly Thrown in the Way of an Elucidation of the Facts.

THE DOCTOR'S CLOTHES FOUND.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATIONS.]

The police of Chicago are still busily engaged in endeavoring to unearth the bottom facts in the Cronin murder case, and they are succeeding slowly, but none the less surely, in placing the blame where it belongs. A resume of the facts of the case, which is now interesting the whole civilized world, will be apropos at this point.

On February 13, one "J. B. Simmons," which name is undoubtedly an alias, engaged a room at No. 117 Clark street, immediately opposite Dr. Cronin's residence, evidently with the desire to watch the doctor, who, it is alleged, had been doomed to die by certain members of a secret society of which he was a member and to whom he had made himself inimical. Two days later Simmons is said to have purchased some furniture and a trunk, which were taken to his room.

Thus matters stood until a month later, namely, on March 19, when Simmons' room was found to be unoccupied and the furniture removed. Then follows these facts:

March 20—Frank Williams, thought to be J. B. Simmons, hired a little house in Lakeview from a family named Carlson.

April 20—P. O. Sullivan, ice dealer, living near Carlsons, had a large number of cards printed.

May 1—Sullivan makes a contract with Cronin by which latter is to attend ice dealer's men whenever one of these cards was sent to him.

May 4—Cronin is sent for to attend one of Sullivan's men, and is never seen alive again by his friends. Subsequently, his friends made inquiries, and reports were received from various cities that he had been seen alive, but his friends insisted that he had been made away with.

May 5—A bloody trunk was found in Lakeview.

May 11—F. T. Woodruff was arrested for horse-stealing, and said that on the night of May 4 he was hired to take a trunk out of Chicago, and that it contained the body of a woman. He added that Dr. Cronin was present when he took the body away.

May 22—The body of Dr. Cronin, bearing marks of a fearful crime, found in a sewer in Lakeview.

May 24—It was discovered that the house in Lakeview hired by Frank Williams was the scene of the murder. The trunk was identified as that bought in February by J. B. Simmons. The furniture in the house was also bought by him at the same time and moved before March 19 from the rooms on Clark street. Daniel Coughlin, a detective, suspected of complicity, or at least of trying to lead the police off the scent.

May 25—King, described by Woodruff as an accomplice, captured in a disorderly house.

May 27—Coughlin and Sullivan formally accused of the murder. King discharged, as he was not the King wanted.

Then followed the indictment of the three men arrested, and the police started to hunt up the other suspected parties. They gave it out broadcast that they were on the track of several other men supposed to have been connected with the affair.

Peter McGeehan, of Philadelphia, was one of these. McGeehan is alleged to have been a spy upon Cronin's movements, and when under the influence of liquor he said to have threatened Cronin. The others said to be wanted because they might know something, directly or indirectly, of the case, are Tom Smith, Frank Williams, a man named Frawley and W. L. King, above referred to, accused by Woodruff of having engaged him to drive a wagon on the day of Dr. Cronin's disappearance.

Thus matters stood until Friday, May 31, when the police announced that they were positively on the track of the man who lured Cronin to his fate, and later, on the same day, it was announced that the doctor's clothes, for which they had been searching, had also been found in the vicinity of the house

The drawers were found by Sol. Hamburger and Ed. die Bresh, two little boys of Lake View. Lewis Hamburger, the 18-year-old brother of the first named lad, then notified the police and conducted Lieut. Scheutler to the mouth of the Fifty-ninth street sewer, where a search resulted in the discovery of the murdered physician's trousers, coat, shirt and undershirt. The articles were buried under a foot under the ground, and were only discovered by probing in the sand with sharp sticks.



DR. CRONIN AFTER DEATH.

The residence of the Carlsons was carefully searched by the police on Saturday, but nothing of a suspicious nature was discovered. The people of Lakeview demanded that the sewer in which Cronin's body was found be searched from the catch basin to the lake, and this will be done.



THE IDENTIFICATION IN THE MORGUE.

They think it possible that his surgical instruments and hat and overcoat might be discovered in it, but as the opening is only 3 1/2 feet in diameter, the police are slow to face the danger of sewer gas. It is probable, however, that the sewer will be thoroughly flushed.

Thus the matter stood on Sunday. It is but justice to some of the above named to say that they are considered, by those who are intimate with them, to be above suspicion, but the police, in endeavoring to unearth the real criminal, overlooked no clue that might lead to the perpetrator of the dastardly crime.

LUCK OF A FIRM OF PLASTERERS.

Two Williamsburghers, Who Drew \$15,000 in the April Drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery.

Yesterday a well-known resident of upper Williamsburgh, desiring a small job of plastering done to his house, went around for Schreiber & Kinsler, cor. of Flushing ave. and Van Voort. He found both men hard at work. "Ah! At it, as usual, I see!" exclaimed he.

"Certainly. We've worked every day since we drew the big prize just as hard as ever before. Neither of us has lost a day on that account."

"Big prize?"

"Yes, sir. Didn't you hear of our big strike? We held one-twentieth part of ticket No. 32,074, that drew the capital prize of \$300,000 in the April drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery. We were entitled to \$15,000 between us."

"Then you do not care for my little job of plastering, I guess. Why, you are quite rich men."

"Oh! yes we do. We intend to go right on working."

This stroke of fortune being related to a News reporter by the gentleman aforesaid, the former took a trip to Williamsburgh last evening to get some further particulars relating to it.

The two men were found residing in the fourth flat, corner of Van Voort street and Flushing avenue. In an inside bedroom Chas. Schreiber was lying asleep beside his three-month-old babe. In the sitting-room was his wife and Herman Kinsler, who was just indulging in a glass of beer after his day's toil. He thus related the history of his and his partner's good luck:

"You see, we didn't take any stock in the Louisiana State Lottery when we first came to this country three years ago, thinking, like other lotteries, it was a skin affair. About a year ago, she," pointing to Mrs. Schreiber, who had a bouncing baby in her arms, "and her brother began buying a dollar ticket each month. They drew three prizes of \$5, \$10 and \$25, and then Charlie and I concluded to try our luck, being convinced that there must be some good points in it. This was five months ago. One month he would pay for the ticket and the next month I would pay for it. We made up our minds that we would draw the capital prize or nothing. Not having any luck, we resolved last month to let little Matthias," indicating the bouncing baby, "select the ticket. He picked out ticket 32,074, which, as you must know, drew \$300,000. Our ticket was a one-twentieth. So for \$1 we have made \$15,000."

"Did you have any trouble in getting your money?" asked the reporter.

"None at all. We just took our ticket down to the Manufacturers' National Bank, and in a few days they informed us that the money had been paid in full. A small portion of the money we used in buying a two-story frame house on Rock street, near Morgan avenue. We are going to move the house on to the rear of the lot and erect a comfortable three-story house in front for ourselves. As for the rest of the money, we shall use it in our business. Good fortune has not turned our heads at all, and we intend to work right along as hard as ever. Before long we expect to branch out and become master builders and erect houses for sale, in which business so many builders have been making money of late. We should never have been able to do this if it had not been for the Louisiana State Lottery. We intend to have a ticket in each of the drawings in the future, as we possess the best evidence in the world that it is an honestly conducted business institution."

The firm of plasterers who have now suddenly become rich are not the only persons who were benefited hereabouts in the April drawing of the great lottery. Henry Michael, a butcher, of 77 Ridge street, held the one-twentieth of ticket 9,185, which drew the third capital prize of \$50,000, and so enriched himself to the tune of \$2,500, upon an investment of \$1. Michael thinks this is far better than betting on horse racing, in which so many people are wasting their money just now, instead of buying tickets in The Louisiana State Lottery. Mr. S. Fried, of 30 Canal street, collected Mr. Michael's ticket for him. He said to-day that all he had to do was to take it to Adams' Express Company, and in a few days they paid him over the \$2,500, less a few dollars which they retained for their compensation.—New York Daily News, May 11.

KILRAIN'S COLORS.—The new "Colors" of Jake Kilrain are now ready. Sporting men, saloonkeepers and others can obtain them by forwarding \$2.50 to this office. RICHARD E. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

A ROMANTIC SUICIDE.

Mr. Donnelly, of Watertown, N. Y., Winds up His Affairs for a Novel Reason.

WANTED HIS WIFE'S MONEY.

It is Thought that He Was Only Fooling, But Didn't Stop in Time.

TRUTH VERSUS FICTION.

Watertown, N. Y., was recently the scene of a romantic suicide, the result of man's greed and woman's determination. The two actors in the scene were Cornelius Donnelly and his wife. Donnelly was a painter by trade, and was known about town as something of a dude. He was good looking and vain of his personal charms. Last February, after a romantic engagement and separation, he was married to Mrs. Catharine Hinsdale, in the village of Philadelphia. He had known Mrs. Hinsdale from childhood. Her name then was Catharine Greer. When she was 18 years of age and he 18 they lived in the little Canadian village of Rockport, across the St. Lawrence from Alexandria Bay. Here, at this tender age, they became engaged, but obdurate parents interfered, and Donnelly ran away to California. That was the last seen of him in Canada for nineteen years.

They became engaged.

California. That was the last seen of him in Canada for nineteen years.

Last fall, his parents having died, he returned to his old home to take possession of a small farm to which he was the only heir. During his nineteen years' absence Catharine Greer came across the river and lived at Oxbow. Here she met Mrs. Hinsdale, a lonely widow, aged 32 years. Hinsdale became a suitor for her hand, and notwithstanding his advanced age, she accepted him. He was worth \$50,000 in hard cash. They were married about eight years ago, and just nine months from the day the ceremony was performed the aged bridegroom had a stroke of paralysis and passed over the big divide. His wife took one-third of his property, amounting to \$15,000, and the rest was divided among their children by a former wife. With the snug little sum left by her husband Mrs. Hinsdale fitted up a nice and cozy little home in Philadelphia.

When Donnelly came back to his old home in Canada a few months ago, a friend of Mrs. Hinsdale's wrote her telling of his return. The widow at once wrote to the lover who had sued for her hand in childhood. A photograph and a letter came in reply. Then she invited him to visit her at her home. He came, and within a week after his arrival they were married. Donnelly wanted to take his wife to Canada to live, but she would not consent, so he sold his farm for \$2,500 and they came to this city to live about a month ago, taking up their residence in a neat cottage on Paddock street. He obtained work at his trade as a painter, but he seemed to feel above his calling.

From the day of his marriage Donnelly began to worry his wife about money matters, and it was only about a week ago that she told him she had \$10,000. When she gave this information he wanted to live like a gentleman and have the handling of the cash. His wife refused to allow him to handle her money, telling him they would need it when they were old. He could not see the point, and constantly upbraided her for allowing him to work, and by the day, when she was wealthy. Last Wednesday night he threatened to cut his throat with a razor which he held in his hand if she did not let him have her money. She pleaded with him a little, and he put the razor away. On Friday night he got a rope, and going upstairs, in the house tied it to a hook in a clothes press and around his neck, pretending that he was going to make away with himself. His wife followed him soon afterward and untied the rope. He had not allowed it to choke him very badly. He behaved himself then until Saturday night, and as Mrs. Donnelly's brother had told her that her husband was only trying to scare her, she did not become very badly frightened.

On Saturday evening Donnelly was about town. His wife was out riding, and meeting him some distance from their home, he asked her to get out of her carriage and walk home with him. She said she was not feeling well enough to walk, and asked him to ride home with herself and her brother. He refused and went home alone. He was there when his wife got back, and when she put her arms around his neck and kissed him he would not speak to her. He retired early, and arose early on Sunday morning to eat breakfast with his wife. After breakfast he dressed in a new Prince Albert suit and a silk hat, and, with prayer book in hand, he attended mass at St. Patrick's Church. When he returned his wife was away. She came back in a short time and prepared dinner, but he would not eat, saying he had procured his dinner down town. He said he had packed his trunk to go to New York to work, where he could get better wages.

While his wife was eating dinner he asked for the rope, saying he wanted to tie his trunk with it. His wife told him where it was. He got it and went up stairs. Not hearing anything for some time, Mrs. Donnelly went up to see what he was doing. In the same closet where she had taken the rope from her husband's neck on Friday she again found him. He had tied the ends of the rope, a common piece of clothesline, together, making a loop about three feet in length. One end of this was thrown over a clothes hook on the wall, about five feet from the floor. Donnelly was on his knees, with his head stuck through the other end of the loop. A mirror taken from a dresser in an adjoining bedroom set on the floor in front of him. His wife quickly untied the rope and spoke to him. As she did so, she says, he looked up at her, gave a gasp for breath and fell forward on the floor. Then the situation overcame her, and her screams brought all the neighbors for two blocks around. When they came in Donnelly was stone dead on the closet floor.

Donnelly made many friends in this city, and it is the opinion of nearly all his associates that he did not mean to commit suicide. Everything goes to show that he was endeavoring to scare his wife, first by saying that he was going to New York, and then by making a show of hanging himself. But he carried the thing a little too far, and made it a grim reality. With the exception of his complaints about the money, everything had gone smoothly in his home. His wife, who is a bright and intelligent woman, is almost crazed by this terrible act.

AN INVOLUNTARY BAPTISM.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The Union Bethel Colored Church, of Brooklyn, N. Y., held a baptism meeting at Jamaica Bay, recently, which was under the charge of the Rev. George Dardas. About one hundred and fifty people crowded on a bridge which connected the land and a float, to witness the fun. After standing on this a little while it suddenly gave way and sank from the weight it had to carry, taking the float with it. All the people were tossed into eight feet of water, and if active aid had not been given to the struggling victims many would have been drowned. During all this time the colored people, who were being baptized, were half scared to death, and ran about splashing in the water and shouting. Luckily, no lives were lost.

HER BUSTLE WAS ON FIRE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A young lady, who was walking in Main street, Orange, N. J., recently, thought she was feeling unusually warm. After awhile she looked over her shoulder, and was startled to see flames floating behind her. With a scream she rushed across the street, where George Adamson seized her and soon put out the flames which were issuing from her bustle. She was taken into an office near by, where she soon recovered from her fright.

A BRILLIANT RECEPTION INTERRUPTED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

While a brilliant reception was at its height in the mansion of General Dodge, of Danville, Ill., a large lamp which was suspended from the ceiling on the second floor fell, carrying with it a glass skylight, and the house was soon changed from a scene of festivity to one of horror. Ladies and gentlemen were running about the grounds in full evening dress, some badly burned. Prompt assistance on the part of the male guests prevented a holocaust.

STABBED WITH A SLATE PENCIL.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Two school children, one a white lad named James Trenton, and the other a colored boy, became involved in a fight in the school yard at Mount Carmel, Ill., and were ordered into the building. As they entered the door the white boy struck his companion a severe blow and the colored boy had retaliated by striking back with a narrow and sharp-cut slate pencil. The point of the pencil penetrated the skull of the white boy to a depth of two inches, and a few days later he died.

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THE AWFUL CONEM
THE DEATH-DEALING WATERS HURRY ONWARD TO THEIR MAKER THOUSAND



NEMGH RIVER HORROR.

SAND THE MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN OF A PEACEFUL PENNSYLVANIA TOWN.

WELDON'S BIG BLUFF.

He Trys to Frighten the Brooklyn Club, But

HIS SCHEME WOULDN'T WORK.

In Philadelphia all that is necessary for either of their clubs to get a stiff roasting is to play a little bad ball.

Carney, of the Washingtons, has introduced a new feature in baseball. Instead of over-running first base, and covering some fifty or sixty feet the other side of the base, he simply slides to the bag and dislocates his shoulder, giving him six weeks in a hospital on full pay.

Elmer Smith grew careless, as well as independent, and it resulted in his getting a vacation without pay. Elmer seems to have forgotten the fact that there never yet was any man living that the world could not get along without, no matter how great he may think himself.

There is nothing like whipping the devil around a stump. Harry Weldon, who we understand is the sole owner and editor of the Cincinnati Enquirer, is trying to frighten the whole Brooklyn club by making an insinuation against one man and letting each one think himself to be the one against whom he is hitting. Harry is very clever, and gets it off as follows: "A certain player in the Brooklyn team has been tampering with a certain Cincinnati player. It is not necessary to give names. A nod to a blind mule is as good as a wink. This player should remember that there is a penalty attached to such an offense. He may find himself out of employment." This is a fine game of bluff, but the Brooklyn are all old poker players, and are not the kind of people to "lay down" so easily as that.

The gang now who are having their sport over "soulful" Sunday may yet see the day when they will creak that they would like to have a little of Sunday's soulfulness.

McVey did not last long in Milwaukee, as they want ball players out there and not lishers.

Umpire Carlin's release must have been in great demand, when London, Toledo, Rochester and Detroit were all after him.

How is this? It is stated that Tommy Burns is asking Buck Ewing and the New York boys to chip in for the relief of Ed Williamson, while Ed indignantly denies the rumor that Ed has been "laid off" without pay, and says Spaulding has him under salary.

There is certainly a lie here somewhere, and it ought to be hunted up, so that it shall rest upon the shoulders of the real author thereof.

Tim Keefe is taking splendid care of his record. He keeps it in a glass case and securely locked up in a vault. He has actually pitched one game thus far this season, and it is thought he may pitch another before the end of the campaign. But, at all hazards, his record of last year shall not be disturbed.

The weather could not be finer. It made to order, for lame arms, and there are more ball players laid up at present with lame arms than one could shake a stick at. The pitchers who do not feel rheumatic are few and far between.

Jack Glascock has become very gentle since he has discovered the great damage done by hard blows. No matter what harm may be done this season, Jack is determined that his conscience shall be clear, as he has not hit the ball hard enough yet to let his friends know that he is alive.

While the Pittsburghers were playing in Boston, Dunlap's tongue slipped its collar, and before they could get it chained again it ran up against umpire Curry, who succeeded in stopping it at the cost of a very large amount of money to Dunlap.

Billy Sharzig has taken a tumble, and is now satisfied that there are one or two other clubs in the United States that are just as strong as the Athletics. If not a little bit stronger. He had some very fine pitchers when the season opened, but they were only "china," and the bottom fell out of them. He is now scouring the country, not for phenomena, but for good, well-seasoned material that has been tried before "many a time," and money is no object if the twirlers can be had.

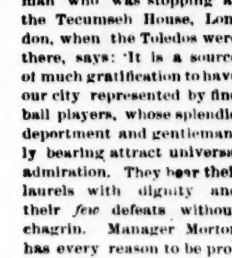
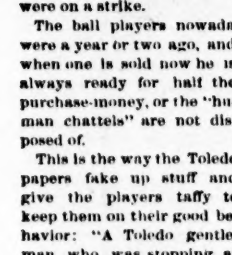
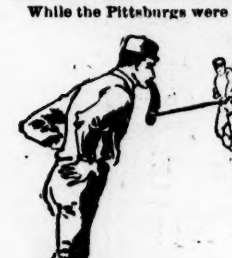
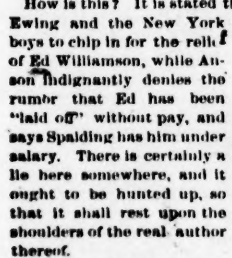
The Jackson (Mich.) club wanted a short-stop and third baseman, so they advertised, with the proviso "that only good men need apply." When the president of the club saw his mail next morning, he fell in a fit. He could not believe his senses, that there were no many good men out of employment. Therefore, to satisfy himself that there was not a collapse in the baseball business, he telegraphed to every city and town in the United States to see if their club had disbanded, or if all the players were on a strike.

The ball players nowadays are better educated than they were a year or two ago, and when one is sold now he is always ready for half the purchase-money, or the "human chattels" are not disposed of.

This is the way the Toledo papers take up stuff and give the players taffy to keep them on their good behavior: "A Toledo gentleman who was stopping at the Tecumseh House, London, when the Toledo were there, says: 'It is a source of much gratification to have our city represented by the ball players, whose splendid deportment and gentlemanly bearing attract universal admiration. They bear their laurels with dignity and their few defeats without chagrin. Manager Morton has every reason to be proud of these gentlemen, who, no matter how the battle may go, will give to our city honor and fame.'"

First got so thoroughly into the catcher of the Fort Worth club, that his collar-bone was broken like a twig when he was hit by a foul ball. It is almost too early in the season for them to undertake ball playing out there.

That gorgeous diamond ring makes Pete Browning look like some foreign count who had made his escape from a lunatic asylum.



Ammerman has been hung upon a pin, for the balance of the season, by the Chattanooga club for failing to put in an appearance when ordered to report.

It makes the people down in Texas feel proud when one of their League clubs visits a town and behave like gentlemen. It must be a rare occurrence, for when such a thing happens they make mention of it in the newspapers. The Houston Post says: "The Austin boys play good ball, and behaved like gentlemen while in Houston." It is such joyful news that every paper in the State copied the paragraph, so that it would appear on record that there was really one game played in the State without the display of pistols and bowie knives.

He is a good player, Horace Phillips likes him, and says it is a mistake; the man is not krummy; that there is no "y" in the honorable gentleman's name at all.

The many little pebbles on the skin diamond of the Staten Island ground make it exceedingly pleasant for the infielders. They know they will get the ball, but they have to do some lively guessing to know whether it will be in their hands or their mouth.

Cahill, of the Oakland, was a great favorite in California, but he lost his popularity in a single day. He was cheered most heartily when he entered the box, but when the Sacramento's pounded him for 31 hits, with a total of 26, scoring 19 runs, 12 of which were earned, the crowd were ready to chase him from off the coast.

The Springfield team, of the Central Interstate League, are kept so busy at present gauging rum that they are unable to give their full attention to baseball. They are all bright, intelligent young gentlemen, and give promise of a brilliant future, after their

present rush of business is over.

Husted is a very modest young man. He only asks the London club one hundred and fifty dollars a month for his services, but that club is unappreciative enough to think the amount too steep for a man who can only pitch once or twice a week.

Pete Gallagher, of the Peorias, would have been much better off had he stuck to the stage and left baseball alone, as there is no room for comedians in the baseball arena.

Harry Spence is certainly having hard luck in New Haven, as this is about the first he has had anything to do with selecting a team, which has turned out to be slobs.

A California paper joyfully announces the fact that "Norman Baker has been blacklisted by the Newark club, which ends his chances of obtaining employment in the East. Now he will be made to play ball on the coast. He has been home sick for some time and playing an indifferent game, in hopes of being released, so that he could return to the East. However, being shut out in that quarter will stop all his nonsense, and make him buckle down to good, hard work here."

There is nothing like soaking a player for all you are worth when you are through with him. Just before the Washington club released Billy O'Brien they fined him fifty dollars for drinking a glass of beer, so that when it came to a settlement they had less to pay.

They say Earle at one time came near being booked for a circus. It is a pity he did not join it, instead of the baseball fraternity.

If a man tries hard for a ball and fails to get it, he rises one hundred per cent. in the minds of the public over the man who could get it but is afraid to take the chances.

We do not know what Con Murphy was doing with his finger, but we do know that he has it in splints at present. Tacking down carpets, perhaps.

Everybody in the country knows all about the New York club—in fact, more than they do themselves. It is amusing to hear some of the jays talking about the team lacking vim and ginger. When the club wins they say nothing, but when they lose they go swilling around in the "I told you so" style, and talk about the scratch luck of the team which won them the pennant last season, and say: "The club will not even be in the race this year."

The more players that Von der Ahe sells the better ball his club seems to play.

The Ballplayers' Brotherhood have not been making much noise, but they are enrolling players by wholesale. When they do show their hand the chances are it will be a big one.

Everything worked with Buckenberger's management of the Columbus club while he had the directors behind him, but now, since they have shifted around in front of him, he seems to have struck a pretty big snag. It is the old, old story: "The players have gotten the directors' ears, and the usual monkey and parrot business has commenced."

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ALL-ROUND ATHLETICS.

What George W. Atkinson Has to Say About the Big 'Uns.

AUSTRALIAN SPORTS.

James Sisk, Henry A. Plimpton, Wm. F. Noonan, John D. O'Brien, Henry Murphy, all of Lynn, Mass., well-known sporting men, visited the POLICE GAZETTE office May 28.

The cooking main between Scranton and Lackawanna was decided recently near New Scranton, Pa. Nine battles were fought and Scranton fowls won. A large sum changed hands.

Thomas Lewis, second mate of the Louisiana, which runs to New Orleans, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office on May 29. Lewis is a great admirer of Kilrain, and makes Mike O'Hara's sporting house, Royal street, New Orleans, his headquarters when he is in the Crescent City.

Andy Bowen recently knocked out Charley Wilson in three rounds, fought in eleven minutes, at New Orleans. Denny Butler, of New York, was highly complimented for the manner in which he fitted and handled Bowen during the battle. He thought he could fit Bowen to meet any 150-pound man.

Patsy Fallon writes that Jake Kilrain is the favorite in the betting at Omaha. There is nothing strange about sporting speculators making Kilrain the favorite, for the betting in Omaha is just as it should be, judging by the last two performances of the gladiators in the orthodox twenty-four-foot ring.

Smith, Ainslie & Co., the famous publishers, of 95 Newcastle street, London, England, have issued the second volume of their book, "Form at a Glance." It contains the performance of every horse running on the flat during the year. It contains a volume of information and everyone who follows the turf should send for one.

James Phelan, of Boston; Johnny Murphy, the pet of the fancy of New England, and James F. Moore, the well-known sporting man and proprietor of the "Police Gazette" saloon at New Bedford, Mass., called at the POLICE GAZETTE office on May 31, to meet Jake Kilrain, but Jake had not yet arrived. They shook hands with him later.

The New York "Sun" of May 30 published the following: "Kilrain's new colors were exhibited in the POLICE GAZETTE office yesterday afternoon. They are adorned with a full length portrait of the pugilist and with an American flag, an American shield, the coat-of-arms of Maryland, an Irish harp, an American eagle, and the championship belt. The border is of yellow silk, ornamented with shamrock sprigs in green. The colors are of finest silk."

The New York "Daily News" May 28 published the following: "One of the sights on the road yesterday, which attracted considerable attention, was Tom Dolan, the famous driver and trainer, who was speeding Sir Mohawk and Nellie Sontag, Richard K. Fox's team. It was the opinion of many horsemen that the team is one of the fleetest and handsomest in the United States. Dolan has the team in strict training, and it is his intention to send it, when it is on edge, to beat the team record in July. At present it can go a mile in 2:38 1/2."

There is every indication that Billy Meyer, the Cyclone of the West, and Jack McAuliffe will meet in the orthodox 24-foot ring for a purse of \$3,000, the "Police Gazette" champion belt (which Jack McAuliffe holds) and the light-weight championship of the world. On May 29 word was telegraphed at the request of Meyer and McAuliffe to L. E. Fulda, President of the California Athletic Club, notifying him that Meyer and McAuliffe had met at the POLICE GAZETTE office and agreed to battle for the championship at the California Athletic club, if the directors of the latter would put up a suitable purse.

In a letter received from the "Police Gazette" correspondent in Australia are the following interesting sporting items:

MELBOURNE, Australia, April 30. RICHARD K. FOX.—The prize fight for \$20,000 and the "Police Gazette" champion belt, between Jake Kilrain, the hero in his international prize ring encounter with Jem Smith, and John L. Sullivan, who was looked upon here at one time as invincible, is the leading topic in sporting circles. Both men have been backed heavily and Kilrain is the favorite. The champion of the Colonies, Frank P. Slavin, will be backed against the winner for a large stake, and Prof. Wm. Miller believes and gives his opinion that the winner will be Kilrain.

Miller thinks that Slavin is the only pugilist in the world who is able to win the "Police Gazette" champion belt from Kilrain. It is from what Prof. Miller has said and written favorably about Kilrain, the American champion, since his return from the United States that the class of sporting men here, who speculate on foreign sporting events, are backing the "Police Gazette" champion. Several of the leading newspapers here have made arrangements to have full particulars of the great mill cabled, and you can rest assured there will be great excitement on July 8 and 9, not only in this city but throughout the colonies.

Smith, of Sydney, has been matched to fight Laing, the New Zealand champion who fought Slavin, for £500. Smith is a formidable boxer, and has been backed heavily to defeat the New Zealand champion. Laing, the champion heavy-weight of New Zealand, is a half Maori. He stands 5 feet 11 inches in height and weighs 185 pounds.

Peter Boland has postponed his visit to the United States. Abe Hickens, who fought Peter Maguire for \$2,000 and the championship of America at 134 pounds in 1888, has wasted a fortune in Australia, and he is now boxing with the Frank P. Slavin combination for \$5 a week.

Cestello, the Buffalo, N. Y. pugilist, has opened a barroom in Australia in conjunction with Mickey Notham, the ex-light-weight champion.

Jack Hall, the pugilist who made his reputation in San Francisco, is now a bookmaker in Australia.

Frank P. Slavin, the champion heavy-weight of Australia, in conjunction with Prof. William Miller, have organized a combination, which will show through Australia, New Zealand and New South Wales. Slavin is advertised to give £25 (\$125) to any pugilist he does not knock out in four rounds. Prof. William Miller, the famous athlete, is to wrestle, help count the money, and receive his share of the profits and night lecture on physical education. The general opinion amongst sporting men is that Frank P. Slavin is the monarch of all he surveys. T. D. Atkinson.

WE HAVE RECEIVED THE FOLLOWING FROM GEORGE W. ATKINSON: LONDON, May 22, 1899.

RICHARD K. FOX.—Dear Sir: The impending battle between Jake Kilrain, the champion pugilist of the world (since he holds the "Police Gazette" belt), and John L. Sullivan is now commencing to attract universal and unqualified attention in all sporting circles throughout the United Kingdom. What puzzles many is where American sporting men obtain their line on pugilism and the followers of the ring, when they put up such a large sum as £4,000, or bet that amount on a pugilist of Sullivan's calibre, who has never on any occasion, judging from what I have read and practically seen, demonstrated that he is a first-class man. Prior to John L.'s visit to this country, in 1887, the critics of the prize ring believed that he was a veritable wonder, but after his display with Charlie Mitchell near Chantilly, in March, 1887, those who witnessed the form he displayed knocked all ideas that he was the great pugilist they had supposed him to have been into an admiral's cocked hat.

If Sullivan had displayed any talent outside being a fair, big boxer on this side, he might have found £500 to fight for; but there is no man in England, not even Harry Bull, who would dream of backing him for that amount against Kilrain, much less £4,000—more money than any two single matches combined was ever fought for in either England or the States. Sullivan, however, has many admirers here who will probably put up

from a "monkey" down to a "pony" on his chances, but while Sullivan has one hundred, Kilrain has a legion in comparison, who will bet not only on Kilrain's winning, but on first knock-down and first blood. I have canvassed among many who witnessed both of the international battles between Kilrain and Smith and Sullivan and Mitchell in regard to the odds, result, etc. Disinterested parties, who would bet from a sovereign to five hundred pounds, claim that it is a mackerel to a shrimp on the present American champion retaining his badge and emblem of office—the "Police Gazette" champion belt. The general opinion of the American champion is that he is one of the most elegant and scientific pugilists in the whole race of American pugilists, and he is termed a complete artist. His theoretic acquirements are great and wonderful, and he is at present a phenomenon in the pugilistic hemisphere, a star of the first brilliancy.

When science and strength were opposed to his dexterous efforts, he availed himself of his genius and bottom and was not wanting in intrepidity and never lost time in combating the mighty prowess of his adversary. Since his display with Smith it has been contended there was more elegance about his position than an indication of strength and more than ability. No pugilist ever stopped with greater neatness, hit oftener, or put his blows quicker and with better judgment of distance than Kilrain. His battle with Smith was of the first order, and much as his science, courage and stamina is entitled to praise, his fair way of fighting, his humanity, had a brighter and more lasting claim to remembrance; and if those who are going to bet on the result of the encounter draw the line between the two big Americans' battles with Smith and Mitchell, Kilrain should be a heavy favorite, for he is bound to win, and that is the universal opinion in England and Ireland.

Truly Yours, GEORGE W. ATKINSON.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. J. S. Boston.—No. LESTER, Hartford, Conn.—No. L. M. D. California, Ky.—No. C. E. Los Angeles, Cal.—Yes.

T. S. F. Wetumpka, Elmore.—Not that we are aware of. J. D. R. Subscriber.—We do not understand your query. J. T. Philadelphia.—1. Yes. 2. It is one of the largest in the world.

T. R. J. Trenton, N. J.—We do not know the pugilist of that name. S. N. Z. Louisville, Ky.—We do not keep records except for our own reference.

J. S. Brooklyn El. R. R., Fulton Ferry Station.—We cannot reproduce the picture. A. E. D. Syracuse, N. Y.—According to London prize ring rules at New Orleans, July 8.

A. B. S. Sultland, Prince Georges Co., Md.—Thanks. We have no space for the portrait. J. M. F. Bridgeport, Conn.—Tom Sayers' arm was not broken when he fought John C. Heenan.

M. J. W. Baltimore, Md.—1. Jake Kilrain fought a draw with Charley Mitchell at Boston. 2. No. W. G. C. Dayton, Tenn.—B losses. Sullivan and Kilrain never fought as opponents in the prize ring.

HAMBURG.—1. Carl Abs did not win any championship. 2. He was miles behind championship form. T. J. W. Rochester, N. Y.—1. There is no such rule. 2. Every one who started had an equal chance of winning.

W. M. S. Tacoma, W. T.—Send me for "The Life and Battles of Jack Dempsey;" it contains all his battles, etc. W. A. A. Martin, Me.—Four-pound dumb bells and continually increase the weight. 2. Send for "The American Athlete." E. H. R. Lebanon, Pa.—1. We have not the record. 2. Steve Taylor never fought in the prize ring for a stake or purse.

J. L. Brenham, Texas.—There is no more honor in one than in the other, but there is more money in being the champion pugilist.

C. Nanticoke.—P. T. Barnum was interested in a show that went to England, but the show under the present title was never in England. W. M. Chicago, Ill.—1. Sullivan lost the championship by default. 2. He refused to meet Kilrain. 3. Why don't you read the POLICE GAZETTE?

J. McK. New York City.—Duncan C. Ross defeated Captain James C. Daly in throwing the hammer at the games you mention in Jones' Woods.

P. H. Jamestown, N. Y.—The only way to win the championship is to put up a deposit and issue a challenge to contend against the champion for that title.

T. J. S. Worcester, Mass.—1. No. 2. The following are the Harvard University crew, weight, height, age, etc.

Row. S. Sanford..... 159 5 10 23
No. 2. W. Alexander..... 154 5 11 23
No. 3. F. Perry..... 168 5 10 22
No. 4. J. Cranston..... 188 5 10 23
No. 5. J. R. Finley..... 189 5 11 19
No. 6. B. T. Tilson..... 187 6 3 20
No. 7. J. P. Hutchinson..... 159 5 10 23
Stroke (captain), R. E. Herrick..... 156 5 7 23
Goswain, J. F. Whitney.

The average weight of the crew is 160 1/2 pounds, and the average age 21 years.

M. W. S. Long Branch, N. J.—1. A. J. Cassatt's racing stable comprises: The Bard, b. h. s. by Longfellow—Bradanette; Eurus, b. h. s. by Eolus—Majestic; Now or Never, b. h. s. by Stratford—Bye and Bye; Taragon, ch. g. 4, by Stratford—Tara; Marauder, ch. h. 4, by Rayon d'Or—Madonna; Eolo, b. h. 4, by Eolus—War Song; Eric, b. c. s. by Duke of Magenta—Second Hand; Madstone, blk. c. s. by Vanderbilt—Nina Turner; The Tartar, b. c. s. by Stratford—Tara; Harebell, ch. f. s. by Stratford—Heatherbelle; Equality, ch. f. s. by Bend Or—Equipolse; Felicia II, ch. f. s. by Stratford—Semper Felix; Abaca, b. f. s. by King Alfonso—Jamaica; King Charlie, ch. c. s. by Prince Charlie—Mabille; The Abbe, b. f. s. by Mortimer—Hildegarde; Eurochlyon, b. c. s. by Eolus—Majestic; Ch. f. s. by Stratford—Bye and Bye; B. f. s. by Stratford—Mandolina; Philippi, b. f. s. by Blue Eyes—Felicia.

D. T. S. Los Angeles, Cal.—Mike Lucie of Troy, N. Y., has figured in the following glove contests: In Philadelphia, beat James Quinn in two rounds; Ed Berry, two rounds; John Harrington, four rounds; Bill Gabig, three rounds; George Wilson, four rounds; Charles Scott, three rounds; Ed Berry (second time), four rounds; Jim Lavin, three rounds; Bob Coffey, three rounds; Frank Thompson, three rounds; Ed Boyle, four rounds. Fought a draw, with Fred Woods, of four rounds. In New York he defeated Jack Tenney in nine rounds; Ned St. Clair, five rounds; John Powers, three rounds. He fought a seven-round draw with Jack McGee in Boston. He then took up his residence in Troy, N. Y., and while there defeated Pat Morrison in three rounds; James Hughes, three rounds; Willie Schaffer, two rounds; Andrew Bowers, three rounds; John Devlin, three rounds; Jack English, three rounds; Jack McGoff, two rounds; Pat Shanahan, two rounds; Jack Casey, two rounds; Jack Lynch, four rounds; Tom Murphy, three rounds, and Harry Scofield, fourteen rounds.

J. W. Paterson, N. J.—1. Sam Baxter won. 2. No. 3. Sam Baxter was born in Shoreditch, England. He is the third of the brothers of that name, being younger than William and Reuben, the latter of whom he resembles very much in appearance. He is now twenty-three years of age, stands 5 feet 7 1/2 inches in height, and weighs 9 stone 6 pounds, or 132 pounds. He has won numerous competitions, including two at the B. U. Anchor, Church street, Shoreditch. He also, in the early part of 1887, won a competition promoted by Charley Mitchell at St. Stephen's Hall, Westminster. He also won Habbijam's 325 pounds championship belt, and has beaten Ted Burchell, W. Brown, of Birmingham, and fought a draw, twelve rounds, with Arthur Bobbitt, of Fulham. He, however, was beaten in a twelve round contest by Anthony Diamond, of Birmingham. In 1888 he won Ben Hyam's 132 pound championship competition at the Agricultural Hall, and also placed a competition at 132 pounds at Her Majesty's Theatre to his credit, whilst May, 1889, he was successful in Charley White's tournament at the Agricultural Hall. He beat Alf Suffolk in three rounds for £100 in May, 1889, in London, England.

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KILRAIN'S COLORS.—The

JOHN L. AS A WRESTLER.

"Referee" Tells what He Knows
About Everything.

LORILLARD'S MAMMOTH STAKES.

I recently had a call from Billy Meyer, the Western Cyclone, of Streator, Ill., who is eager to arrange a match to meet Jack McAuliffe, the holder of the light-weight champion belt, for \$2,500 a side, the "Police Gazette" champion belt, and the light-weight championship of the world.

Meyer appears to think that McAuliffe does not want to meet him in the arena, while he is eager to meet McAuliffe on any fair terms or for any sum the champion stipulates.

Meyer appears to be a quiet and unassuming athlete. He is by no means a boaster. He is confident that he is able to conquer McAuliffe, and only desires another opportunity to try. It was remarked by a party present that Meyer did not defeat McAuliffe when he had the opportunity. Meyer said: "It is true I did not defeat McAuliffe when we fought at North Judson, Ill., but if the articles of agreement had been carried out, either McAuliffe would have won or I should."

"I did not propose to draw the money, but McAuliffe refused and withdrew their money. But that has nothing to do with the present match. I want to meet McAuliffe, and for just as big an amount as he wants to put up, and it is not my fault if he does not face the music."

There is one thing about the latter day champions—after they win a title they want to keep it and not battle for it, and that is one reason championship battles are so far apart and wide between. McAuliffe can fight. He possesses all the necessary qualifications for a champion, and he should keep ringing the bell as long as he holds the title and has plenty of ammunition.

By the way, I see the recent six-day go-as-you-please race at San Francisco ended in a fiasco; besides, Napoleon Campana, better known as Sport, put the fringe on the cloth by prescribing an overdose of knuckle dust to Frank Hall, the manager, because he refused to carry out his contract, and Old Sport said he was out and injured.

I see the newspapers throughout the country are eulogizing John L. Sullivan's wrestling abilities since he has been up in Belfast, N. Y., for a week, and received a few lessons. Sullivan may have been taught to wrestle in a week, and if such is the case he must be a very apt scholar, for I personally know just as smart athletes as Sullivan who have been at the game all their lifetime and they are not first-class yet.

If Sullivan had a first-class teacher, who understood catch-as-catch-can wrestling, and he had spent two weeks in learning how to put on the "crook," cross-buttock, etc., I might have believed that Sullivan had profited by the lessons; but Sullivan's supposed teacher is not a competent wrestler; he never has wrestled catch-as-catch-can with any champion and he is only a tyro at the game himself, and where it comes in that he has been able to make Sullivan a perfect Achilles or a Hector, when he requires teaching himself, makes me wonder.

Wrestling is an art that is not taught in a week, and it not only requires science, but agility, combined with nerve and stamina. Muldoon might be a second-class Greco-Roman wrestler, but he is only a novice at catch-as-catch-can, while at the Cornwell and Westmoreland style he is in the same boat. Kilrain's tutors in wrestling were Jack Carkeek, the champion Cornish wrestler, and Charley Mitchell, and either could throw either Sullivan or Muldoon at catch-as-catch-can or Cornish style.

Kilrain was nearly two months learning to wrestle before Carkeek admitted that he need not be afraid to clinch with anybody, and I am sure Kilrain proved that he was a "honey cooler" at wrestling when fighting Smith, for he threw him time and time again by the cross-buttock, and in one round made Smith's cranium go into the ground, leaving a hole large enough to hold a pair of water. If the ground had not been marshy Smith's neck would have been broken or his shoulder dislocated.

I have witnessed nearly all the top sawyers in the heavy and middle weight divisions of the corps-pugilists wrestle in their many battles in the orthodox twenty-four foot ring, and not any, with the exception of Jim Mace and Joe Coburn—and there is no denying that but they were Jim Daniels—could equal Kilrain.

At the time Joe Coburn fought Mike McCoolle, the St. Louis two hundred-pounder, for \$2,000 and the championship in 1883, Coburn threw McCoolle heavily, and in May 1876, when Jim Mace fought Tom Allen, it was a cross-buttock that rendered Tom Allen hors d'combat, for Mace threw Allen and dislocated his shoulder. If the battle between Kilrain and Sullivan for \$20,000, the "Police Gazette" champion belt and the championship of the world was to be decided by the wrestling abilities of the gladiators, why it would be all over but the shouting, for Kilrain, in spite of all Sullivan has been taught by his alleged wrestling teacher, would gain three falls in four.

It is only about six weeks off until the men meet, and the readers of this column will bear in mind these tips on the wrestling abilities of Kilrain and Sullivan, for as certain as the men meet and there is a clinch, Sullivan will lose the first fall.

I see that every arrangement has been made for a meeting between Johnny Reagan and Young Mitchell, and the famous middle-weights are to meet in the California Athletic Club on Oct. 22 for a purse of \$2,500, \$2,000 to the winner and \$500 to the loser. According to the agreement signed there is no draw, either Reagan must conquer Mitchell or the latter defeat Reagan. Owing to the reputations of both of the fast knights, both with and without the muffers, the match will be looked forward to with eager interest, and there will be hundreds of dollars wagered on the result.

I understand Pierre Lorillard is about to return to the turf, at least we have reason to believe he contemplates doing so. Every true racing man will rejoice to see the cherry and black of Ranococas once more among our "sinks and satins." We are well aware that there are those who could, never see any good in Mr. Lorillard, but to those who would reply that he has done more for racing than any man in America, bar Mr. Jerome. The latter conceived grand race-courses, but Mr. Lorillard gave racing the first impetus which made it a great popular sport.

It was Mr. Lorillard who first conceived the plan of mammoth stakes, now so popular. It was he who first framed the declaration clause, which rendered such stakes possible, by gaining vast numbers of nominations. It was he who for eight years had \$5,000 in cold cash to the stake which bears his

name. It was he who imported more great English stallions and mares (Mortimer, Pizarro, Pontiac, Saxon, etc.) than any one man. It was he who maintained the finest racing stable in the land, regardless of cost. It was he who arranged more sensational match races than any owner of our time.

Finally, it was he who made the first successful invasion of England with American horses. Up to that date racing in America had languished. The success of Parole and Iroquois in England was the means of first arousing the interest of the American public in racing. Let us give a man credit for what he deserves.

Two years ago, at Monmouth Park, Mr. Lorillard told us that if he ever returned to the turf he would not keep so extensive a stable as he had, nor would he maintain so extensive a stud. When he raced before Mr. Lorillard seemed to have an idea that money would accomplish all things, and he had only to pay the greatest prices to secure the best race-horses or the best stallions and brood-mares with which to breed them. We think his experience showed him that it is impossible to "corner" the market in racing, although his last year on the turf (1888) was the most successful he ever had.

A great unwieldy establishment, such as he maintained, was so fraught with cares and anxieties that it robbed his sport of all the element of pleasure. With the experience he gained during the eleven years he raced he ought now to be able to steer clear of the reefs and enter upon a career which will be both pleasant and profitable. With the advent of Messrs. Lorillard, Morris, Hearst and Kelly it would look as if racing was on the threshold of an Augustan era.

REFeree.

SPORTING NOTES.

If Jack McAuliffe, the light-weight champion, and Billy Meyer mean business, and are as eager as Meyer pretends to be to meet in the arena for a purse of \$2,000, they now have the opportunity, as will be seen by the following:

SPORTING EDITOR.—The directors of the California Athletic Club will give a purse of \$2,000 for Jack McAuliffe and Billy Meyer to battle for with the "Police Gazette" champion belt and light-weight championship of the world. The directors of the club would prefer the contest to take place in November instead of September. If Meyer and McAuliffe are satisfied, answer.

L. R. FOLDA.

Harry Gilmore and Paul Patillo fought in a barn at Hamilton, Canada, on May 19, with kid gloves, "Police Gazette" rules, for a purse of \$200 and the light-weight championship of Canada. Two desperate rounds were fought, when Gilmore knocked Patillo senseless. The only fault Gilmore raises to the manner in which the fight was conducted was the negligence of the timekeeper to call time upon the expiration of the ten seconds when Patillo was felled in the tenth round. It appears that this official at this stage of the battle forgot his duties, and Gilmore counted ten slowly, when the referee continued to count to fifteen, and then gave Gilmore the fight. It is reported that the Hamilton police have secured the names of some forty of the spectators, and will endeavor to secure evidence that will warrant their being brought in court.

Letters as follows will be forwarded to the parties named on receipt of addressed and stamped envelope: Arthur Chambers, Jack Ashton, Geo. H. Butler, E. J. Baldwin, Harry Bethune, Frank Boyer, D. J. Bagley, Fred Bryant, Florio Barlett, W. H. Casey, Miss Leo Clair, Francis J. Clark, Big Jack Connor, M. J. Connolly, Benjamin Chase, F. A. Davenport, Capt. J. C. Daly (4), J. H. Eldridge, Timothy J. Fox (2), Charley Folks, J. W. Griffin, Mike Hook, Fred Harmon, Mr. Hoiste, H. Kittleman, Louis Katsenmeyer, George Le Blanche, J. A. Lightfoot, James Leogue, Prof. Dan Laffin, John C. Little, Wm. Miller, Prof. Wm. Miller, Harry Monroe (club swinger), Antonio Pierre, Al Ryan, George M. Ross, Jacob Schaffer, Fred W. Stone, Abe Spitz, Mrs. R. L. Stewart, C. W. Terwilliger, Sir Roger Tichbourne, Robt. Vint, J. H. Watson, H. C. Williamson, Prof. Will Willie, Harry Webb.

At Boston, on May 31, the glove fight between Johnny Griffin and Jack Havlin was decided. The conditions were for a 24-round match, each man to weigh 150 pounds or under; the decision made on scientific points. Young Mitchell and Tom O'Rourke seconded Havlin, and Tom Hyams and Jimmy Connolly acted in the same capacity for Griffin. Havlin stripped at 117½ pounds, while Griffin weighed 118. The fight opened with careful sparring by both men. Then Griffin shot out his left quick and landed on Havlin's face. Havlin returned an instant later with a left-hander on Griffin's jaw. After some work at short range, in which each man landed many fierce blows, Griffin led with his left again, landing heavily on Havlin's face. After some more close hitting the round closed, with Havlin in favor of Griffin.

In the second round Havlin drove Griffin to the ropes, where both exchanged short blows. Griffin landed with his left and claimed, and got a first blood. Up to this time Griffin had not used his right, but a moment later he caught Havlin in the latter's corner, and with a vicious right-hand blow under the jaw, knocked Havlin down. Havlin came to time groggy but plucky, and then Griffin hit him again with his left and right, and finally with his right, felled Havlin a second time. Havlin was groggy, with a bad cut under the left eye, and the call of time saved him from a knock-out. Havlin came to time for the third round game, but very weak. Griffin chased him about the ring, hitting three blows to Havlin's one. Havlin was plainly out of the fight. In the fourth round Griffin struck Havlin two savage blows in the ribs with his right, the second of which made Havlin reel. Then Havlin received a resounding left-hander on the neck which sent him face forward to the floor just before time was called. Havlin then withdrew, saying, "I'm no quitter, but I'm done up." Griffin's sparring was clean and hard and undoubtedly scientific. Billy Jordan, of the California Athletic Club, officiated as master of ceremonies.

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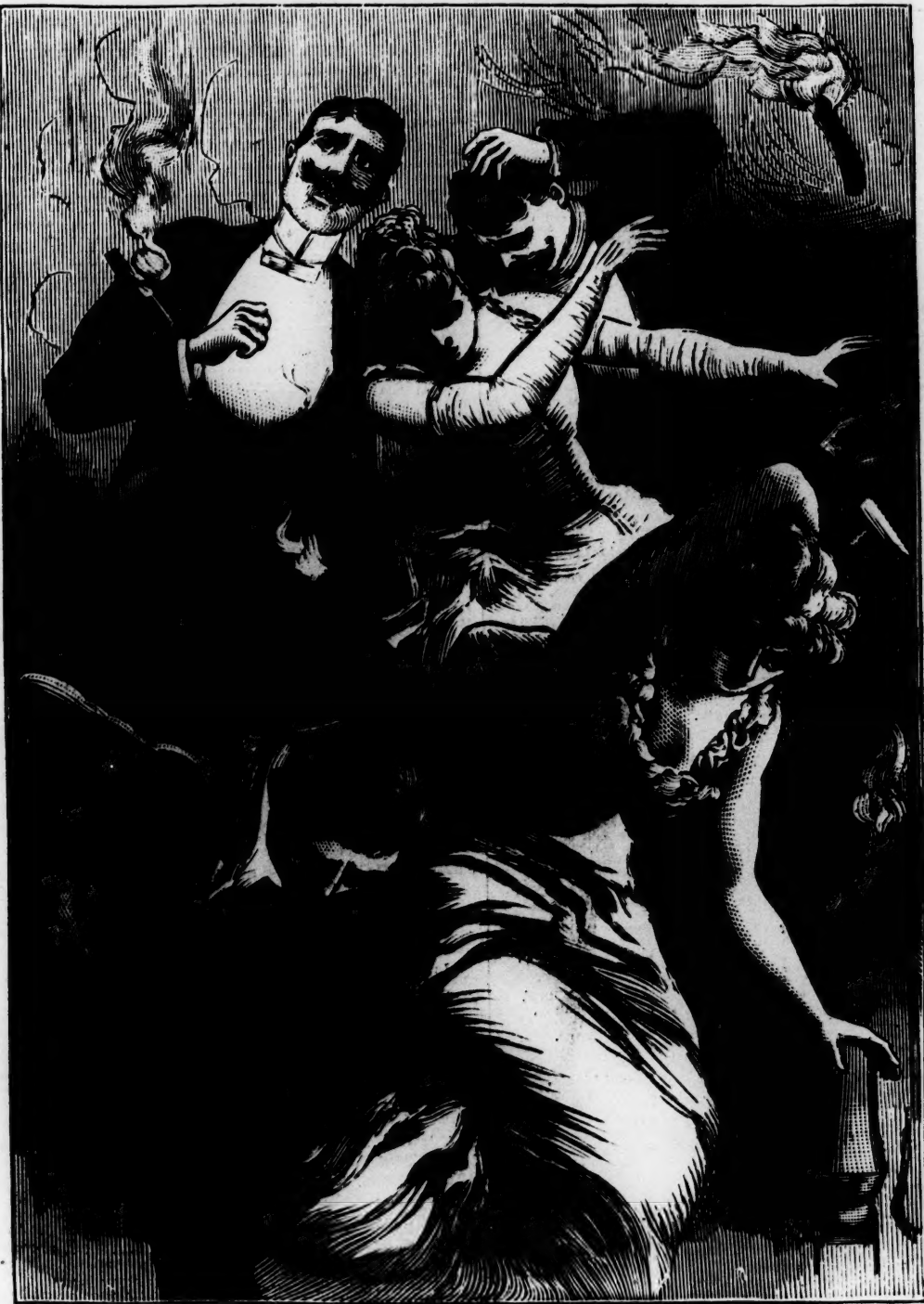
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